NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1873. | VOLUME XXI.—No. 37. Price Ten Cents.

MODERN SYBIL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ZEKEL ALLSPICE.

Do the seers and the sybils their power maintain
To render the future's dark mysteries plain?
Has Delphos revived as in ages of yore,
To unravel the web Time is weaving before?
Are the marvels of Isis bequeathed to this date,
Though embalmed ere the sphynx bowed subinslation to Fate?
Have Erictho and Candia woke from the bier
To reside at New York in a fourth-story-rear?

'Twas strange that a sybil, so worthy and wise
For advertisement, dwell in a room near the skies,
Instead of a palace or fair marble hall—
This learned gipsy queen who was born with a caul,
Who revealed all the past like an oracle true
And opened the core of the future to view;
But, resolved on the bank of her knowledge to draw,
We sought her dread sanctum with wonder and awe.

Very small seemed the pittance, a one dollar fee,
For the knowledge dispensed by this fair Zingaree;
And slightly abashed, at the foot of the stair
We asked a young lad if her highness lived there;
No answer he made, though 'twas easy to trace
A man's cunning smirk on his sharp child's face—
And we heard from above, as he scud from below:
"I bet here's a bloke wants his fortin to know."

Dispelled were illusions of beauty and youth
When we entered the sanctum devoted to truth—
She was threescore at least, as her visage betrayed,
Though young for an antediluvian maid;
And even Champolion might think it quite strange
The pasole of Egypt had taken such range
As—"This is the 'ouse; hime the party you mean,
Which was born with a caul, hand the learned gipsy queen;

"The future I knows, and reveals hall the past
When a likely young genl, as is 'roscope cast—
Twigs the comets and stars, and their secrets I prigs,
With their curiymacues and their rigamaji js—
Lucky numbers bestow, and good fortin appears
While I works like a charm with the sieve and the shears;
Brings sweethearts together and marries 'em right,
And reads every ground hof the teacup hon sight;

"I tells by the cards every coming event,
When good or bad fortin will surely be sent,
And I knows a fair maid which is 'andsome and true,
Who sighs for a lover precisely like you;
A haffinity Wenus for Cupid's sweet darts,
For she runs in the hominis hand you run in 'arts;
But talk's werry cheap, though its plain to be seen
Hime fly hat my biz, hand the learned gipsy queen."

With a small piece of silver, the usual balm,
To make the charm stronger we crossed her shrunk palm,
And vowed, like Macbeth when the king-child appears,
To hear all she said with a surplus of ears.
The thorns of the future she buried in flowers,
The blessings of fortune fell 'round us in showers,
And the spheres all bestowed their favors so rash,
They were likely to burst for a dollar in cash.

Yet, sybil, 'twas strange that thy cunning and wiles
Could not hide the dark past and the slums of St. Giles,
Nor blot from Time's dial a child taught complete
The gin-palace haunt and the slang of the street,
Nor the girl who rejoiced when her virtue was sold
For the rustle of silk and the sparkle of gold,
Till the upas of vice, in such fruitful soil sown,
Brought forth a *procuress* to womanhood grown.

The libertine's pander, with Satan's dread powers,
Conceals all the serpent with garlands of flowers;
But lost virtue shrieks from the gulf of despair
To beauty, when tempted, the warning—"Beware!"
Ah! sybil, pretending to juggle the spheres,
Thy counsel is apt to bring anguish and tears;
For the best pearl of Heaven, if placed in thy trust,
Would blacken like Hell with the tarnish of lust.

THE LAPIDARY OF NUREMBERG!

A WONDERFUL CHRONICLE,

Compiled from the Manuscripts of a Patient in Bedlam,

AND WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

BY AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN.

CHAPTER V.

ENGLISH ACHILLES AND GERMAN HECTOR.

Was there a magnetic influence about Napoleon which seemed to attract, like a magnet, the hearts of those whom he led on to the field of battle? Can reason reconcile the conduct of the war-worn veteran Marshal Ney, who had promised Louis he would bring the rash invader from Elba to Paris, bound hand and foot, and incarcerated in a cage of iron? Yet no sooner did he meet the eye of his old master than his loyalty melted away, and he deserted to him with all his troops. And this was after the lesson of Moscow, when, out of an army never equaled in multitude since the inbecile Persian led the hordes of Asia to Grecian graves, only thirty thousand disabled survivors ever reached the welcome soil of France. History is at fault as regards this wonderful man, but the present age is ever obliged to read the past by the light of other eyes. Had Shakespeare been a Yorkist in the third Richard, might have sparkled in the poet's history crowned with many of the rare virtues of an Alfred. Ambition can only be counted a sin under certain circumstances. The just steward was ambitious to please his master, and he was made governor over ten cities. One able author of these grand times has proved that chivalry have seldom, if ever, been equaled, and whose metrical war-ballads ring with the true spirit of song, brands Napoleon as the Corsican usurper; while another, who has won laurels of fame in the broad field of modern literature, towers him into a demi-god, possessed of the virtues of a Hannibal in war, and the sterling virtues of a Cincinnatus beneath the smiles of peace. There is no doubt that as long as his tide of success flowed steadily on, France, from the Pyrenees to the Alps, was supplicant to his will; but the divorce of Josephine and the mighty error of Moscow shattered his chalice of fame from base to summit, never again to soar in solitary grandeur over his victories. Moscow was past, and Waterloo to come.

There is certainly proof that this wonderful man believed in the silence promulgated by the visionary Notradamus and the charlatan Lilly. He thought there was one particular star which sparkled over the magnitude of his ambitious dreams. The horoscope failed to reveal to his mind that the sphere which presided over the hour of his birth would sink in blackness from the dread echo sounded from St. Helena, conceiving in the dark womb of the future. The history of the hundred days is the history of a new dynasty condensed to pamphlet form. Once there had been a cessation of hostilities between France and the surrounding nations, and Napoleon would have gladly remained at peace, content that the bounds of the empire should be as they were during the reign of the last monarch of the house of Capet. This plan, however, did not suit the purpose of the allies, and means were readily adopted to bring on another war. The allies having spurned his proposals, the fiat of conscription went forth, and both sides made preparation for the terrible fray.

At this period an exchange of prisoners often took place between France and England; and no time was to be lost, if the Scotch Greys, the 42d Highlanders, and other regiments on guard at Colchester desired to see Dick Shaw of the Life Guards and Herman F—— come together. The natives of Albion stoutly asserted that their "right little tight little island" could produce a better man than the Continent; and accordingly, ten days after the capture, the prison-yard, down from London came the Flying Childers mail-coach with an especial passenger—the hero whose powerful blows were so renowned in the arena.

Through the intercession of the officers on duty at Colchester, Dick had obtained a week's furlough and a kind invitation to visit the barracks of the famous old city; but he knew nothing of the work planned out for him previously to his arrival. Being a modest and unassuming man, he was thoroughly astonished at the warm greeting he received from the citizens as the coach drove up to the door of the principal hotel. After the dire disasters which occurred on each of the occasions when he entered the pugilistic ring, nothing would have induced him to engage in such a contest again, and this the officers knew; but the fact was also established that Dick Shaw of the Life Guards had never met his match at wrestling or fencing with the single stick. Though Dick only ranked as a corporal, still he was received at the Red Lion with the honors usually bestowed on a major or a captain, for the worthy host had himself shone in the arena on more than one occasion, and had only retired from the lists when old age crept on, and then had established a hostelry of true mettle—one of the sturdy family who propagate the theory of self-defense. Consequently, when the hero arrived by the fast mail-coach the Flying Childers (warranted by the proprietors to do twelve miles an hour, in spite of the weather or the condition of the roads), the ancient veteran of the ring broached the oldest cask of ale in his cellar, and told the cook of the establishment, at his peril, to see that the Life Guardsman's appetite was stayed with the tenderest Spring chicken and Southdown lamb of which the market of Colchester could boast. The news of Dick's arrival soon spread through the town, and hundreds gathered in the vicinity of the Red Lion to catch a glimpse of the hero of the hour. The tavern was crowded with guests, but the Life Guardsman was furnished with the best spare-room for his accommodation.

"Sen I may live," pondered the host, "hif Dick don't snooze like a beast-hingy nabob. The beddin' his prime, hand I can take my haffey-davy Missus Valker knows 'ow to set a cove to sleep, hif hany precious woman does. Lor', 'ow Dick will take the conceit hout hof the blarsted furniture ven he gives 'im the 'ip-lock" (and the landlord laughed till his double chin shook like a bowl of jelly), "hand vat a jolly row might 'appen," he continued, "hif the thing should turn hout a mill, hafter hall said hand done. I honly wishes Sam Valker, hof the Red Lion, 'ad the puttin-his hof 'is say, for then, as the player folks 'as hit sometimes, 'the programme would be changed.'"

There was not an invited guest at the Red Lion on this special occasion but freely acknowledged that the worthy host had "put his best foot foremost," as the adage goes. The mutton was done to a turn, and the beer and the tobacco were indubitable, while the health of the guest for whom all these grand preparations had been made was continually drunk in foaming bumpers, accompanied with the song of "Britons Never Shall be Slaves," and the constitutional hymn of "God Save the King." Dick Shaw, though ranking for the occasion among superior officers, held his position admirably. With all his attributes of strength and agility, there was so modest a reserve about the man that he had ever been a special favorite with the public. The regiment to which he belonged was a pet one with the Londoners. Every member of the Life Guards was tall, and finely proportioned. They were looked upon with pride by the populace, and never thrown into action save in cases of the most urgent necessity; and the girl who could boast of a lover who belonged to the cherished regiment was an object of envy among her companions.

The news of Shaw's arrival spread far and wide, and the populace were very impatient to witness the anticipated sport. A piece of ground was staked off in the prison-yard, on the following day, in order that the rival athletes might vindicate the relative prowess of England and Germany. The spot chosen for the contest was a portion of the greensward where the soldiers' wives dried linen. Herman F—— made no objection to the match, though until Shaw's arrival at Colchester he knew nothing of what had been brewing. He felt sore at having been called a French frog-eater, and was confident, though hardly in trim, after his long prison discipline, of astonishing any human adversary who might be pitted against him. All he required was fair-play in the lists, and this boon was promised him by the officers who superintended the affair, and he was promised, in addition, a handsome present in money, whether he won or lost.

Just as the fray was about to begin, the sporting Marquis of W—— dashed down to Colchester with his four-in-hand drag, and this gay patron of the arena immediately offered to wager one hundred guineas to fifty on the renowned English champion. The marquis found plenty of takers of his magnificent odds, for the appearance of the stalwart German seemed to indicate that he was a foe not to be despised even by the artist who had figured to advantage in the prize-ring. Although he could not boast of having killed a man with a blow of his fist, yet his prowess had been deemed in many a sharp contest, and he found backers who took readily the Marquis of W——'s liberal offers.

When the champions were brought face to face in the prison-yard, they gave a simultaneous start of surprise, and in fact they gazed upon each other with mutual admiration. They were stripped to the waist, their loins, leather belt confined their flesh-colored tights of buckskin. The Englishman's clear skin appeared to rival the snow in whiteness, while the German's was a berry-brown; but the muscles and ligaments of both champions displayed such symmetry and vigor as nature has seldom bestowed upon the human form. When the umpires and the referee were chosen, the champions advanced and shook hands, and the spectators were constrained to say that never in appearance were two athletes better matched. The prize of victory was to be awarded to the one who gained the first two falls in three bouts. The manner of wrestling was decided by the spinning of a penny through the air, and the penny fell in favor of Herman. He chose the Cornwall style, denominated as collar-and-elbow, thinking his great strength would serve him better in that way. The day was a terrible hot one in the latter part of July. Save an expression here and there among the crowd, such as "Now, Dick, for the honor of the Life Guards!" or "There's a 'ansum gal in Lunnun, Dicky, my tulip, wot's a thinkin' hof you this ere blessed moment!" the spectators awaited the result quietly, though with eager anticipation. Those who witnessed the fray noticed that, for some moments after the men had clinched, they stood as immovable as two marble statues. To a novice such proceedings were a mystery, but the knowing ones saw at a glance that the champions were merely testing whether the thews and sinews of England or of Germany were the strongest. So equally did each develop his mighty strength, that both seemed rooted for a time to the soil on which they stood. The hand of Dick Shaw clasped his opponent's shoulder as in a vice, but never until that moment had the Life Guardsman felt such steel-like fingers clutch his white skin. Even as they seemed to stand immovable, great drops of sweat rolled down the face of each champion, while the hot breath from their nostrils rose like the steam from a boiling cauldron. And thus they stood, like Achilles and Hector, for three minutes by the watch, London time. Although the sporting marquis never wavered for a moment, as regarded the skill of his favorite, he thought it prudent to hedge some of his larger bets. There was a flush in the eye of Herman F—— that indicated that his German ancestors were of the stock who swooped down on the fertile plains of Italy under the banners of Genseric and Attila—or he might possibly be an off-shoot of the brave old Gallic race who marched to victory with Brennus, and who, for a season stabled their war-chargers in the halls of Roman senators. Yet equal lightnings (if the term may be used) shot from the dark-blue eyes of his genuine Saxon antagonist. The stalwart Life Guardsman would have shone resplendent on the field of Hastings as one of the best who, foot to foot, and breast to breast, withstood like a wall of granite the twenty times repeated onslaughts of Duke William's steel-clad Normans, men who boasted their descent from the terrible Vikings, the scourge of the seas both land and during the age of iron.

When the men were sufficiently rested, the call of time was given, and by mutual agreement they took what is termed the back-hold for the second trial of skill. For a brief interval they stood calm and immovable, locked in each other's embrace, and then commenced those quick, sharp intertwinings of the legs, strained to the most powerful effect, resembling one of the coils of that marvelous piece of statuary, the Laocoon. Straining every sinew until the veins of his neck swelled nigh to bursting, the Life Guardsman suddenly gave his opponent the hip-lock; and as the mighty oak crushes down beneath the axe of the woodman, the form of Herman F—— was hurled to mother earth, and the first fair back-fall was tallied by the referee to the account of Richard Shaw.

"One for his nob," screamed the landlord of the Red Lion, "and now give 'im hanother for Sammy Valker, Dicky, my precious, hand there's nota sport hin hall Hingland but vat vill wote ye an' out-an'-out rum-'un."

Never at a wrestling bout since the decline of the Pythian games had a man received more compliments than Dick Shaw for his success; but his antagonist was on his feet in a moment, and they were at their work again as soon as the call of time was given.

The next bout was a highly interesting display of skill upon both sides; for, after a terrible struggle, the men hasted some five minutes, and then fell in such a manner that the referee was obliged to decide. It was a tie. Then the spectators noticed that Herman F—— had got what is styled "second wind," while the English champion was suffering with "bellows to mend." Things looked blue for Albion, but many of the backers were induced to keep up their spirits by giving cheers for the P. R. and the handsome girls of Colchester. When the athletes entered the lists for the third trial, one of the seconds was heard to mutter, under his breath, "The Dutch giant is a perfect stunner!"

Herman won the second fall fairly, and no one could murmur against the referee's decision. Dick's condition had promised such an issue, and his adversary landed him squarely upon his back, after entrapping him into the famous lock known as "The Grapevine Twist." When Herman F—— got that lock on a man, it was like the lever of Archimedes. The leg of his antagonist was obliged to either move or break, and the English champion went down. Dick felt the disaster keenly, but soon recovered his good-humor; for, on time being called, he likewise had gained a fall, and thus decided the most hardest contested round of the day, for both of the athletes were in prime condition and contipually on their guard. Thrice did Dick take the trap-lock of his less supple adversary, and as often did Herman break the fearful charm with the powerful muscles and sinews of the tempered thews given to him by the benevolent matron Nature. Suddenly the Life Guardsman slipped on the greensward, and his opponent took immediate advantage of the accident. He was thrown headlong to the ground, but the referee decided a foul, as Herman had previously caught him by the thigh. A pall of gloom seemed to hang over the crowd, and no cheer was heard congratulating the foreigner, whose mighty strength threatened to carry the day. One more trial, and the last. If the Life Guardsman lost, his prestige was gone forever, and Reynard Rainbow, Ranald of Skye prayed for his success, as also did the sporting marquis. The round was short, sharp and decisive, and the greensward under the champions' feet became as ploughed ground. But Dick at length, with a superhuman effort that sent the blood in a torrent from his nostrils, landed Herman fairly on his back, and Albion won the laurel of victory.

The huzzas were deafening. The marquis patted his favorite on the back, and told him that he should never want a friend to advance his interests. Sam Walker, the host of the Red Lion, danced an impromptu jig, and performed feats of agility never before attempted by a three-hundred-pound acrobat.

"Let me give 'im vun buss hor Missus Valker, hand hime villing to die 'appy!"

Herman took his defeat coolly, saying: "If my antagonist had been a prisoner of war for seven long years, as I have, the match might have terminated differently. Besides, every cock can crow in his own barnyard.'"

"But I do not mean to crow," said honest Dick, advancing to shake hands with his late rival. "You are a true man; and if I have any influence, you shall see your native land before you are a month older," and the Life Guardsman gave his patron an appealing look.

"Yes," said the marquis, interpreting his glance; "I shall certainly interest myself in his behalf, and in the meantime accept this as slight return for the generous sport you have this day afforded me;" and he thrust a twenty-pound note into Herman's hand. "Come, Dick," continued the gay gentleman. "Since the brush is over, I find Colchester too tame a place for my animal spirits, and I want you to take a seat in my drag, while I whirl you back to London."

The marquis was as good as his word, for through his intercession Herman was shortly set at liberty, and I had the pleasure of embracing a brother who had been a wanderer over the earth for seven long years. My father gave him the principal post in my office, and he was now on the best of terms with our journeyman, Wilfred Shaw. As he was too modest to make mention of his fray with the Life Guardsman, Wilfred never dreamed of their having met at Colchester. He had only a ten days' furlough, but during that short period made fast friends with the dog Crowns. I believe Herman thought I was touched with insanity when I tried to explain to him a plan for crystalizing carbon, which I followed up by informing him of my undying love for Susette Wagboner. I had never seen her since the day she informed me of her engagement to the Count D'E——. Her father (who was quite wealthy) had, at the suggestion of the Count, who portrayed the brilliant position Susette was destined to attain, long since retired from trade, and settled down at Vienna. A day came when I received a letter written in a clear and beautiful style, every sentence fairly rounded, and no signs of tremor in the author. It told me that Susette was now studying music under the best Italian masters, and that they had pronounced her voice a pure soprano, capable of reaching three bars higher than F in alto. This useless information, and the further statement that she was very happy, embodied merely the entire contents of the epistle. It commenced "Dear Rudolf," and ended "Your affectionate sister, Susette." There was something to dream upon, and I remember wearing the missive near my heart until, finally, it crumbled to shreds. The jewels of Golconda and Brazil would never decorate the seventh window of my ideal palace; for the treasuries of the earth, to my mind, were all impoverished when I lost Susette. The fickle Genii had conveyed the airy fabric away in a single night, and the former light of my life had vanished forever. Vainly I might wander through the streets of Nuremberg and cry: "Who will exchange an old lamp for a new one?"

CHAPTER VI.

THE INSTINCT OF CROESUS.

What a dull and barren level this life would be, Doctor, to one confined, as I am, by bolts and bars, if the mind engendered no aspiring hopes for the future. Everything in nature must advance, or stagnation would ensue, and with stagnation comes chaos. Strauss has never satisfied me, though I have pondered over his "Stream of Time," arming myself with his simplified facts and figures as regards the primal cause of my being, until my brain reeled. The theory of Darwin dwarfs to babbling insignificance, portrayed by the dazzling light of his brilliant intellect, when compared with the first sentence of Genesis. Was there progress, Doctor, when the universe was starless, and darkness, like a funeral shroud, covered the face of the deep? By the aid of the telescope the human eye has pierced the laboratory of space, the incomprehensible distance of a septillion miles. If the rapidity of light has been measured truly by the most able philosophers, the astronomers of our little homestead, earth, have feasted their mortal eyes on glittering rays which left the bosom of the parent sun a quarter of a million of years ago. What are the wonderful records these rays might reveal of worlds, systems—aye, even constellations—that the hand of destiny had swept away from the universe. The Supreme changes not so, saith Holy Writ, though the Jews all think differently. Deus, Theos*, the Latin, Deus (I write the sentence with reverence, Doctor), and the Englishman, God. One star surpasseth another in glory, even as the diamond reflects brilliant attributes superior to the modest pearl.

Was there lovelier Edens in those far brighter worlds of ours, which astronomers note as having vanished forever from space?† [There are a few lines of Rudolph F——'s manuscript which the Doctor could not decipher, and he could not imagine the concluding clause of this sentence.] Susette tells me such things in my dream last night. I have almost a mind to cast a horoscope for her as myself, like Baron Trenck, to the taming of spiders‡. Do not be impatient, Doctor, and you will see anon what I am driving at. In the first place, however, I must reduce what little intellect I have left to the level of astrology. If anyone ever peeps over the translation of the Vedas, those sacred books of the Hindoos, he will be charmed by some of the incarnations of Vishnu. What a pleasant nap the god must have enjoyed, pillowed for two hundred thousand years on the petals of a water-lily!

You will never hear from me if I am driving at unless I inform you, Doctor, that after a manner I have cast the horoscope of Wilfred Shaw's dog Crosus. In his present state, and born under the golden rays of Sirius (I am relating his canine status in 1814), he displayed an instinct so closely allied to reason that one could not doubt. If transmigration be true, that at some former period he must have figured as a first-class detective in human shape. The dog looks up to mankind and acknowledges, by his willing servitude and faithfulness, the power of a superior intelligence. Crosus has breed, and can reason as of men, good, bad and indifferent. The shepherd's dog is a close calculator. He knows the sheep placed under his charge, and, if one goes astray, is sorely distressed until he brings back the truant to the fold. Liebnitz relates that a dog of his kind in Saxony was taught by his master to perform many curious tricks, and asserts that he heard the animal call in the plainest manner for tea, coffee and chocolate. The canine dialect favors the theory of transmigration. My idea, Doctor, is that the element of language was largely developed in the dog Liebnitz mentions, because when in the human shape he was a learned professor in the kingdom of Barca.

Travelers who ascend the Alps inform us that the St. Bernard breed of dogs have an instinct so closely resembling reason that one can scarcely conceive of the difference between the two attributes. They may be quoted as sharp and untiring detectives, ever on the alert to rescue those who have lost their road among the terrible snow-drifts of the Alpine range.

The dog from time immemorial has been the constant companion of man. All creatures of this kind display the highest order of animal intelligence. The story of Androcles and his lion is nearly as old as the Coliseum. One of the St. Bernard dogs was rewarded with a collar of pure gold for rescuing the child of an English lord, after the boy had been given up for lost by the servant who had him in charge. The grateful nobleman purchased the animal for a large sum, and employed one of the best artists in London to paint the scene of his son's rescue, as a perpetual memorial of the event. The child is represented as clinging to the dog's neck, where he seems to be slumbering as coolly as if in his cradle. The wild snow-rifts are driving fast, and the demon of the storm is still abroad. The faithful animal has borne his burden carefully to the gate of a convent, where a hospitable monk stands ready to relieve travelers with food and shelter. Who has not read of the wonderful sagacity of the dog of Montargis, which fought a duel with his master's murderer, and came off victor—a proof, to the witnesses of the encounter, that Providence battled for the right. The famous animal has played the principal part in scores of modern melodrams. Nor must we pass over in our slight history of the canine race, and forget the affectionate spaniel that detected the murderous barber of the Rue de la Harpe, who cut the throats of his chance customers and then passed their bodies over to his confederate, a baker who, common report said, sold the choicest pies and patties in all Paris.

If you compare a noble mastiff and a sneaking cur together, you cannot fail to observe that the breeds of the canine race differ as widely as the members of the human family. The former is a patrician dog, with the solid look of a banker or the president of a paying railroad. When he meets with an aristocratic aquaintance, he never gives his tail a superfluous wag. He is always on business, and has no time to spare in empty compliments, while "every dog should shake his own paw" is his invariable role as he trots along through the world. To a particular friend he may remark in brief dog-dialect:

"Things have come to a pretty pass—there's no trusting anyone. You alarm me, Cæsar. Can it be possible the butchers have raised the price of tenderloins? I heard our people complaining last week about high prices, and I smelt liver in the distance. I cannot allow my digestion to be interfered with; and if they reduce my diet, I shall have to discharge 'em, 'pon honor."

"Oh, I see you are not posted. The markets have nothing to do with the question in view. You know Diggs, a sanctimonious-looking fellow—mum as an owl, and always dodging round in the dark. Well, you can split-stick or turpentine my tail, if they haven't caught the rascal stealing sheep. Now, what is your opinion of the case, Towzer?"

"Why, I am positively astonished at his atrocious villainy, and I firmly believe the country is going to the dogs."

"Certainly, I agree with you, Towzer, unless matters are immediately curtailed. Come in my apartments, and try some slight refreshment, while we discuss the subject further."

"No; thank you kindly. I have an appointment to dine with my Lady Blanche to-day, when she returns from the hunt. At any other time I shall feel most happy."

"Ah, you sly dog! I thought the wind was blowing in that direction. Well, since you must be going, *au revoir*."

"*Au revoir*,"

And the two patrician canines part company.

TO BE CONTINUED.

* The ancient Germans, like the Persians, revered the sun and fire, but worshiped Woden as their superior god, and thence comes Gudan, Godes, Gaten, Gott. They also called him by the beautiful name, Universal Father.—HASS.

† Later astronomers have decided that not a star is stationary, and that even Sirius is receding from our solar system at the vast rate of twenty-nine miles per second.

‡ Baron Trenck, by the orders of Frederick the Great, was confined for many years in different fastnesses and dungeons; and during the solitary hours of his imprisonment he derived a kind of pleasure in taming spiders.

HORSE TRADE.

A correspondent at Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, writes as follows concerning one of the customs of the country: "There is a very singular custom among the farmers here—how to get a wife. If you desire to get married, you should first make inquiry whether the lady you love has a horse; if so, you must ask her whether she has a horse for sale. If she says 'No,' then you had better quit the house at once—she does not like you. But if, on the contrary, she says 'Yes,' it is a good sign, but she will ask you a very high price. If the amount named is paid on the spot, the engagement is concluded, as fully as if marriage was consummated by the parson. On my arrival at the Cape, I did not know of this custom, and was about to purchase a horse when I was informed by an old Dutch resident that Widow —— had one to sell. I followed the address given, and soon arrived at the door of the widow (who, by the way, was not bad-looking). I asked her whether she had a horse to sell. She looked at me very sharp; then she asked me whether I had some letters of introduction. I said that I was the American consul, and would pay cash for her horse. 'In this case,' said she, 'letters are not necessary.' I paid down the sum demanded; then, after taking a cup of coffee, I mounted the horse by the widow, and both accompanied me home. On the road the groom asked me a thousand questions. 'Master,' said he, 'will my mistress go live with you in town, or will you come live with us? You will love my mistress, for she was very kind to my old master' (laughing). 'Where will the wedding be?' (more and more and laughing). 'Truly,' I thought, 'the poor fellow has drunk too much or he is an imbecile.' I felt sorry for him. When I arrived home I found many people at my door congratulating me, not for the horse, but for the acquaintance of the widow. 'Truly,' said one, 'you have been very successful.' 'She is very rich,' said another. I really did not know what it meant, and I began to be very uneasy, when, to my very great surprise, a lady alighted on my steps, and at once I recognized the widow! She very coolly asked me when I desired to have the ceremony of the wedding performed. Then, indeed, I fully perceived the scrape in which I was, and I told her frankly that it was a horse I wanted, and not a wife. 'What,' said she, 'do you mean to act thus to a lady like me? If so, I shall send back for my horse, and will repay you the money.' In a few hours her groom was at my door with the money. I gladly gave back the horse, thankful to have thus escaped. A few weeks after, however, the widow was married; a more ambitious man had bought her horse."

SLEIGHING ON BRODWAY.

The Snow Carnival, quarter of a century ago, an illustration of which appears on this page, was the festival of Winter most ardently desired and most heartily enjoyed by the good folks of Gotham, who welcomed the incipient falling of snowflakes as a happy prestige of a month's promised enjoyment. As the ground became covered with "the beautiful snow," little children clapped their hands with unmitigated joy, while gallant cavaliers and blushing damsels peered through whitened windows, well aware that a good time was coming. A snowstorm, in those days, was hailed as a public benefit, genially disturbing the monotony of an otherwise gloomy season of business discontent. A sleigh of some description was within the reach of every determined pleasure-seeker; while the jingle of sleighbells sounded the most welcome melody that could fall upon the ears of sturdy New Yorkers. After a heavy fall of snow, sleighing was certain to be enjoyed for some weeks at least, and oftentimes, as in the year 1835-6, the carnival continued from the Kalends of December to the Ides of March, interrupted only by the terrors of a devasting conflagration.

No sooner were the streets and roads covered with the flaked white crystals, and the shades of night had descended upon the town, than every man given to cheery sports and pastimes set about his pilgrimage of enjoyment. The gentleman harnessed his roadster to his daintily built cutter, the sedate citizen hitched his horse to a time-honored pung, the tarfman trotted out his thoroughbred pair and braved the blasts of the Winter night, ensconced within his Canadian *traineau*, while the sturdy carriman either put on the road his truck on runners or improvized a gliding vehicle from a crockery-crate and a couple of hickory poles. By the clear moonlight, all New York passed in hilarous procession, either from Broadway or the Bowery, into the Bloomingdale Road, along which they passed, with endless mirth and song, pausing momentarily at Niblo's, Bunnham's, the White House, the Abbey and other hostelries, until they reached the far-renowned Kissing Bridge. From this point, the ordinary termination of the pleasure journey, our saturnalians, well charged with fragrant punches, compounded with highly spiced Jamaica or sweetly sugared St. Croix, returned to town by the way of Third avenue (whose macadamized face was particularly favorable for the retention of a glassy surface) and the old Post Road, trying all the while to receive a "night-cap" from the hands of the veteran Cato—who, on those nights only, condescended to keep his house open to nocturnal visitors—until, as chanticleer proclaimed the advent of early dawn, they turned into bed and dream of the renewed pleasures of the coming day.

Few of the present day can imagine the general hilarity, pervading all classes of citizens, during the continuance of the sleighing season. For weeks together, during successive Winters, vehicles of every description—those for use, and those for pleasure—were superseded by all sorts of contrivances capable of being dragged over the half-frozen, snow-covered ground. Omnibuses, stages, hacks, cabs, carriages and buggies disappeared from sight as the snow-king came along, and their places were supplied by every variety of conveyance peculiar to the season. The omnibus proprietors brought into requisition lumbering sleighs, capable of containing fourscore or more passengers; the hackmen discarded wheels and supplied their coach-bodies with gigantic, skate-like runners; truckmen glided over the slippery snowbanks with rudely wrought sledges; while aristocrats and men of wealth housed their carriages and unstabled their cumbersome, gaudily-painted family sleighs, all glittering with orange and red after the manner of the Knickerbockers of yore. The Snow Carnival is, unfortunately, a memory of the past.

STARVED TO DEATH.

A CITY TRAGEDY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MAT MCARNO.

The night is cold and the room is bare,
And the corpse of a woman is lying there.

There is none to smooth the faded gown,
Or close the staring eyeballs down.

There is none to cross the hands on the breast,
That the dead may wear a look of rest.

Let us open the door and enter in:
'Tis the home of poverty, not of sin.

For sin, in its highest or lowest degree,
Affects gay colors and trumpery.

The wind, like a ghost, goes moaning about;
The spark in the little stove is out.

Would you bear the story of her who sees
Beyond earth's greatest of mysteries?

I may sum it up with no waste of breath;
The woman yonder was starved to death.

Starved to death in this city of gold,
Where millions, daily, are bought and sold.

Starved in a room without a fire,
In sight of Trinity's piercing spire.

Is it strange, do you say? Well, hear me through—
She worked for a living as thousands do.

She made those delicate fabrics of lace
Which only the deftest fingers trace.

And she worked, as an honest woman should,
Early and late for a livelihood.

But her wages were small, you will understand,
And the labor was hard on head and hand.

Then the panic came, and prices fell,
And dealers began to undersell.

One day, when she took her work to the store,
She was told she need not come any more.

A wild, scared glance she cast around,
And in her throat was a gurgling sound.

But she dropped no tear and she made no moan,
As she went out into the storm alone.

And she came back here to this wretched den
To die away from the sight of men.

Alone, untended, unshriven, to die
Like a beast of the field. And who am I?

Well, that is a question that can't be shirked.
I am the man for whom she worked!

MR. SMILES OF NIGGER HILL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY BERMUDAS.

A peculiar creature was Mr. Smiles. In fact, he was by nature contradictory to his fellow-men. In temperament he was volatile—one day at the pinnacle of felicity, the next plunged into the depths of despair. This fickleness of mind was accounted for by the revelations of his "claim"—his humor depended entirely upon how his "feet" pettered out. Did his shovel and pick reveal sufficient of earth's treasure, that night he went home sober. Did his day's work prove abortive, that night he went home drunk. Smiles was wont to remark:

"When a man is in trouble, there's nothin' like Burebon. For a *beverage* as *is* a beverage, give *me* Burebon, an' I'll go a full hand ev'ry time."

Queer old times, they were. Men of family, adventurous men, outlawed men, and only men, turned their steps towards the setting sun to seek their fortunes in El Dorado. It was a cosmopolitan army in those days, that recognized neither creed, sect nor society. Proud men they are to-day, who call themselves "airly pioneers." Calm philosophers were they, as regarded the caprices of the fickle goddess, which Smiles was not. Nigger Hill could not boast—but we are digressing. Mr. Smiles, with all his faults, was of an affectionate disposition. Chick or child he could not boast of; but as it is man's nature to love something, Smiles bestowed his heart upon a mangy, irascible, but amiable bull-dog, which bore the euphonious title of "Bones."

Now, some may be disposed to laugh at the idea of bestowing the wealth of a heart upon a mangy cur; but could the humorously inclined have seen the remarkable sympathy that existed between Bones and master, they would think more kindly of that shabby specimen of "man's most faithful servant." So *en rapport* were this couple, that when the man was blue, the dog was blue—when the man was gay, the dog was gay. In fact, the conduct of the dog was explanatory of the master's frame of mind. Was business bad, Bones had plenty of fights on hand. Indeed, at the first sound of Bones' peculiar growl the neighbors were wont to remark, "Hello! Smiles is down on his luck again." Was business good, Bones' active mind his sufficient employment, in superintending the "strike," to keep him out of trouble. Then the neighbors thought accordingly. On Smiles' "social evenings" Bones was always his master's traveling companion—his guardian angel, as it were—to see that he came to no harm. Should the miner put in too heavy a blast, and wander from the trail, the ever-faithful Bones went before and pioneered the erring one to his lonely home. Sometimes the liquor would get the best of Smiles, and he would lie down. This act, the sagacious canine would argue, was not good for the health, and then he would say to himself: "Well, this kind of thing isn't getting home. I guess I'll have to trot out some of the neighbors, and get 'em to bear a hand." Then he would amble up to the door of the nearest saloon, which was sure to be full, and give a scratch. Those who were acquainted with the dog's ways would know at once that Smiles had fallen by the wayside. Then they would turn out and see this sadly dissipated couple to their home.

Things went on in this way until one day there was a commotion in the diggings. What was the cause of the excitement? Was it a dog fight? Has somebody "struck rich?" or has there been a shooting scrape? No; the excitement was too great for any one of these three. The long and short of it was this. Jim Sprig had gone East to see his folks, and had returned with a wife and a sister-in-law. Words cannot do justice to the wonder and delight with which the advent of these women was hailed. Such a thing as the presence of a female was unknown in the history of "them diggins," and no wonder the people went crazy.

Our hero was the first to encounter the newcomers; and when we say he was struck all of a heap, we are not beginning to express his feelings. The pick and shovel fell from his nerveless grasp; and as for Bones, in his terror he actually sat up on his hind-legs and howled. The ladies on their part could not account for the conduct of Smiles and partner, but supposed it was all through bashfulness.

And now began a change in the inhabitants, by that subtle instinct developed by the presence of lovely woman. Men began to "slick up" and pay more attention to their dress. The procession that escorted the lucky Jim to his home dispersed so make preparations for that duty known in polite society as "calling." The entire population of Nigger Hill turned out to enjoy the honor of a hand-shake with the new-comers, and there were some that certainly wore their welcome out by repeating that ceremony several times.

The "single heifer," as she was irreverently called, was naturally the object of many attentions from those who had expressed an intention of "going for her." Mr. Smiles claimed the lady by right of discovery, and, as his peculiarities were well understood, they gave way to him. And now began a siege upon the lady's heart, which soon capitulated to the artillery of Smiles' attentions. The neverfaithful Bones looked with a sorrowful eye upon the estrangement of his master, conscious, for the first time in his life, that his nose was decidedly out of joint.

After a certain legal ceremony, the happy couple went to housekeeping, and everything augured a happy union. But alas! we never know what a day will bring forth. And so it was with Smiles, for one fine morning he awoke to the fact that he had married a genuine shrew.

Well might the misguided man exclaim with the poet: "Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell, content!" To use Smiles' expression, "He'd put money in the claim, and it yielded nothin'."

Once again the current of the man's affections changed, and once again the faithful Bones possessed his master's love.

It would be the reader's patience should I enumerate the bickerings, the tongue-lashings and broom-stickings, the hapless Smiles had to endure. The tyrannical temper of Mrs. Smiles drove him to steady drinking, and Smiles began to descend the downward road. Night after night he came home in a state of intoxication, which only widened the gulf between the two. The "beverage" Smiles "anteed" on was a losing speculation, as the dealer was the only one who made a profit.

Smiles, in his peculiar way, never made use of a bag as a receptacle for his dust, but used his boot in lieu of that article. Then, whenever he wanted a drink, he "went for his corns," to use his own words. It was a cheerful sight to see Mrs. Smiles, after the vagabond's arrival, go for the boots, and sweat and tug over the process of extracting what corns remained. Sometimes the amount realized amply repaid her for her trouble; sometimes, like his "feet," the boots pettered out nothing. Then the disappointed woman vented her spleen on the helpless object before her, and kicked the bulld

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1873.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

REFEREE, Phila.—B loses. The rules say that "the second is not to touch the dog or rat until he considers the rats all dead. He is then to pick up his dog and call "time, dead!" the timekeeper to stop his watch and announce the time. If the referee thinks the rats are not dead, he is to point them out, and the second is to thread them on their tails, and if they crawl their whole length they are to be considered live rats, and the dog is to be put down again to kill them; the time to be added to the previously announced time." You will find the rules in "James' Manual of Sporting Rules," elsewhere advertised.

BILLIARD CLUB, Pawtucket.—Gen. McClellan was superseded by Gen. Pope as Commander of the Union forces in Virginia, in August, 1862, just before the second battle of Bull Run. McClellan was assigned to the command of the forces for the defense of Washington, Sept. 2, and on Sept. 7, after the occupation of Frederick, Md., by the Confederates, Pope was relieved, McClellan's command absorbing the Army of Virginia. The order for the final removal of Gen. McClellan was issued Nov. 5, 1863, and he was relieved by Gen. Burnside Nov. 7.

G. S. P., Jr., Phila.—It is the scarcity of the American dollar of 1804 that makes it so valuable; there being but four to be found among collectors; one of which is in the collection at the U. S. Mint, in Philadelphia, Pa. It is but a few years since that issue of the last date sold at auction, in this city, for the fancy price of $750. 2. No; the American dollars of 1799 are quite common, selling for $1.25 to $2.00 each, according to condition.

H. D., San Francisco.—1. The fastest repeat race is Lecomte's, 7:26; 7:26¾, when he beat Lexington and Reube, at New Orleans, April 8, 1854. 2. Lexington is the fastest four miles. 3. The fastest mile heat race is that won by Thad. Stevens when he beat Nell Flaherty, Thornhill (who won the first two heats) and others. Time, 1:43, 1:43, 1:43½, 1:46¾, 1:45.

F. W. K., Utica.—1. Harry Hicken fought Bryan Campbell on the 4th of March last. The latter was severely punished, while Harry was scarcely marked, and not at all injured. 2. He was at Harrisburg, Pa., when we last heard from him. 3. He is light-complexioned, and weighs in condition 130 lb.

Dunmbe.—In theatrical advertisements, to save expense or make the lines display well, words are sometimes omitted, when the subject matter has been fully explained before. In the case cited, it means that the address was written by Dr. Holmes, as that had been explicitly set forth in previous advertisements.

ZELIE.—1. We send Edwin Adams's medley Claude Melnotte in "The Lady of Lyons" at a matinee at Niblo's Garden on the occasion of some benefit, but we have not time today to search our files to ascertain when. 2. We do not think it would be proper for us to express our opinion as to the relative merits of professional artists.

BISMARCK, Nashville.—1. It is a penal offense to sell them. 2. Will consider the matter, and answer you in our next issue. 3. There is no option as to a misdeal at casino. A forfeits the game, if he was playing a given number of points, avoid handle; he was playing in rubbers.

P. H, Boston.—We have no record of who first performed the feat of jumping a quarter into a bottle, but we have the impression that Leggett and Allen and the Buffalo Boys, while performing with the San Francisco Minstrels in this city, some years ago, were the first.

R. H. C., Cincinnati.—1. Between Danby Thorp, Griffith and Charles Westhall each walked twenty-one miles in three hours. 2. The longest distance run in one hour is 11 miles, 790 yards, by Deerfoot, at Hackney Wick, London, Eng., in 1863.

A. B. C., Philadelphia.—As A had won 34 games out of ninety-three, he had to play the last hundred and eighty game, which should have been played by B and C. The last game must therefore go for nothing, and B and C must decide the contest alone.

ARGUS.—It was opened July 30, 1849, having been previously burned. It was again destroyed by fire May 6, 1872. The late Edwin Forrest performed so many engagements there that we have neither time nor space to hunt up and publish the dates.

CALHOUN KESSCH, Reid's Bluff.—1. She was born in Grand Cache, Louisiana. 2. Through some person who is acquainted with both parties. 3. No. 4. You had better not attempt it unless directed by an experienced teacher. 5. John Mulholland considers the Fenian the best.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams have played many engagements at Niblo's Garden. Among other pieces, "The Connie Soogah" and "Innisfallen" were first acted there with those artists in the chief characters.

MCMILLAN.—Unless you are playing the "call-out" game, the cards must be played so long as there is a chance of each players scoring enough to make "game." The only proper way to play is either in rubbers of single hands, or to call out when the game is 21 or 25 up.

SUTAKS, Baltimore.—Write to Frank Queen's Sun office, and Geo. Ripley, care of *Tribune* office, N. Y.; or write to some of the leading publishers, informing them what you want, and they will, probably, tell you whom to apply to.

GALLUS EYTES, Dover st.—1. You cannot build "ten" or "eens" by placing an ace on two or more nines. 2. At cribbage two fives, a deuce and an ace, in hand, or three turned up as starter, count 15; six for pair royal and nine for the treble run.

R. M.—1. Both theatres have been materially changed since our count of the seating capacity was made. Will endeavor to answer you in a week or so. 2. Of the United States in 1870, 53,383; New York State, 4,364,411; and of New York City, 942,25[illegible].

S. E. F., Windsor.—1. At the Union-square Theatre on Christmas, 1872, "London Assurance" was performed at the matinée, and "The School for Scandal" in the evening. 2. The best euchre card deals, the jack being the highest card. 3. The ace beats the king in cutting at euchre.

PUNSCHEINE, Lenox.—The heaviest cannon used in besieging Paris carried 40 pound balls, with the exception of the large Krupp gun exposed at the Paris Exhibition of 1867, which carried balls of 80 pounds.

F. S., Plymouth.—1. Lecompte's best time was 7:26, Idlewild's 7:26¾; the latter, however, carried more weight. 2. Longfellow is 16¾ hands high; Bassett 16¼. Geld.

J. J., Morris.—1. He has not sold that play. 2. Miss Olivia Rand is a member of the company at the Boston Museum. 3. We believe he is still at Donnelly's Olympic, Brooklyn.

UTILITY.—You had better put your affairs in the hands of a financier, and endeavor to secure a number of life insurance agents in person. William Stuart is to manage the new Park Theatre.

K. Y. Z.—1. We cannot say—probably lack of pay. 2. We do not think all of them di-. 3. We consider White one of the most reliable. Not a breath of suspicion mars his record.

C. B. R., Menomonee.—The ball that is nearest the cushion wins. It is not material whether it has rebounded from the cushion or not, nor whether it has been sent once up and down the table, or twice.

BOXHOLDER, Chicago.—As the two lowest throws were throwing off to see which took the cigars given for the former's hand, and as the three aces which called were found in the bottom cards, he, A, is entitled to the money.

JUNIUS, Ottumwa.—Junius Brutus Booth, senior, is dead. His eldest son, a brother of Edwin, bears his father's name. He managed the Boston Theatre for some years, and is now in this city.

PHILADELPHIA.—1. We know of no one in your city. John Bogan, in Houston street near the Bowery, in this city, teaches song and-dance. 2. At Topy Pastor's, 201 Bowery.

H. D., New York.—As Garnier scored 600 to C. Dion's 480, which is an excess on Garnier's part of exactly 20 per cent, it is so clear that A wins the wager, that we fail to comprehend why your question is asked.

READER, Williamsport.—Liverpool, Eng., is a town, but a town of its size in this country would be called a city. There, only small towns and villages are called cities, and a bishop and the capitol of his See are called cities.

MACY, Erie.—1. It would not be safe to attempt it. 2. We do not know the price of ceiling-walking apparatus. The party who advertises can inform you. 3. From $30 per week upward, according to ability and reputation.

REGENT, Utica.—1. Both are good performers. 2. John Morrissey found George Thompson, John C. Heenan and Yankee Sullivan in the prize-ring, winning in the aggregate from his opponents $5,500.

TIPSATTON, Boston.—1. You had better apply to some person in the trade to decide the point. 2. The horsepower of a steam engine is a power which will raise 33,000 pounds one foot per minute.

BILLY BROWN.—Harry Kelley defeated James Hamill twice on the Tyne, Eng., July 4 and 5, 1866, each race being for £200 a-side, straightaway, 4 mile. Time, 25 yards, won in 33:29; second, 5 miles, one turn, in about 36:00.

MILWAUKEE.—It is necessary to reside in this country five years before you can become a naturalized citizen, and you must wait two years after making out the first papers before you can vote.

S. J., Lawrence.—The spirit of the common law is the same in this country and England, but the letter of the law a man is supposed to be innocent until he is proven guilty.

G. P., Boston.—The game is an innovation on legitimate euchre; and as there are no recognized rules for its government, if you play it you must make your own rules.

D. D. D., Brooklyn.—1. Billy Hart was engaged at the Theatre Comique in the Fall of 1869. Butler & Spencer were then the managers. 2. She is married to the gentleman.

SUICK, Boston.—Kind offer appreciated; but do not require a regular correspondent. Any items as to other games than those played in public, or the movements of players, openings of rooms, etc., will be availed of.

DAN G., Louisville.—1. You can play with either ball directly at the pins, and it is not material which knocks them down. 2. Of course you cannot do it at regular billiard rooms, for in that there are no pins.

OLD TOP, Chicago.—Assuredly, if a player at fifteen-ball pool makes "a foul jump immediately after he pockets a ball," he loses that ball, which is to be spotted, and the next man plays.

AMATEUR READING CLUB, Camp Gaston.—1. There is now no church on any corner of Broadway and Houston street. 2. There *has* been one on the northwest corner since 1865, we believe to date.

NEW BEGINNER.—You had better draw the bet. A half dozen manufacturers furnish rules with their tables, and scarcely any two codes are alike.

F. and J., Rome, N. Y.—Punch and Judy shows are not on sale in this country. An advertisement might procure a second-hand one.

EDNA, Springfield.—We believe he is in Texas. A letter addressed to him in care of this office should reach him.

D. O'BRIEN, Boston.—Joe Coburn and Bill Clark sparred with padded gloves, for a money stake, in this city, Jan. 28, 1863.

OLD SPORT, East St. Louis.—Harry Bassett and Longfellow only ran a dead heat once together; the latter winning the first race, and losing the second.

T. W., Bay City.—After the cards are dealt round the first time, no one can claim the right to shuffle them before helping.

JACK STRAWS, Corry.—You can purchase the straws, with full instructions for playing the game, at any stationery store.

SUBSCRIBER, Raleigh.—Two 6's, two 3's, and a 3 turned up, count 18—10 by fifteens, 6 for pair royal, and 2 for the pair.

TYRO.—A straight flush only counts as an ordinary flush, even when straights are played, unless a special arrangement as to its value has been made previously.

CHICAGO.—I. Loses. The penalty for a misdeal at seven-up is not forfeiture of the game, but the transfer to the non-dealer of the option of dealing or not, as he pleases.

ST. LOUIS.—If the party agree not to have all the drinks in, then those who lost six games must pay two-thirds of the bill, and the others the remainder.

H. S., Philadelphia.—He is in England. A letter addressed to the care of *The Era*, London, Eng., will probably reach him.

CONSTANT READER, Worcester.—A letter addressed to him in care of this office will soonest reach him, as he is engaged with a traveling company.

C. W. G., Hoboken.—Dion Boucicault is the author of the words of the song "Wearing of the Green," as sung in "Arrah na Pogue," but the music is very old.

OTTAWA.—It is impossible to answer your question positively; but Astor, Stewart and Vanderbilt are popularly supposed to be the wealthiest.

CHARLEY, Buffalo.—You neglect to state the rate of interest; besides, your question is only one of simple arithmetic.

J. B., Central City.—We do not know their present whereabouts; but letters addressed to them in care of this office will reach them.

SARATOGA.—Miss Clara Morris made her debut in this city Sept. 13, 1870, acting Annie Silvester in "Man and Wife."

M. O'N., Boston.—Swiss bells are not on sale in this country. They have to be imported direct from Europe. We do not know their cost.

M. H., Strathroy, C. W.—The English mastiff is peculiar to that country; they are generally of a fawn color. The pure breed are scarce.

OYSTERS, Phila.—It will be necessary for you to give dates, and obtain certificates from referees and properly appointed timers.

F. C. S., Athens.—Joe Coburn fought a draw with Ed. Price, but did not defeat him. 2. Coburn and Kelly never fought in the ring.

MRS. L. S. BIDDLE, St. Louis.—His letters remain here, and we do not know where he will return. The whereabouts of the second party named is to us unknown.

C. D., Lafayette.—As neither knew of the extra cards, it was equally fair for both parties, and A is entitled to the games he won.

TEXAS JACK.—1. We do not think highly of the breed. 2. W. Cliker has the Madcap strain. You can address him care of this office.

E. N., Baltimore.—Such knowledge is not absolutely necessary, but it would insure more rapid progress in the business.

F. H. P., Rochester.—Send a sample report of the present week, so that it will reach us not later than Monday morning, Dec. 15; also your full address.

SUBSCRIBER, Cincinnati.—There is more money in the country now than there was in 1850, or than there has been in any year since, aside from this.

SUSQUEHANA, Plymouth.—Life is not now acting with the drama. A letter addressed to him in care of this office will reach him.

W. L. H., Pittsburgh.—There are so many works on elocution published, that we prefer not to recommend any particular one.

DICK.—1. Dec. 11, 1867. 2. We believe Mathews, Start, Redmond and Murdock are engaged, and probably Byham, Emerson and Hatfield will be.

SHAWNUT.—The Harvards played the Reds a game July 18, 1870, which ended with a score of 20 to 17 in favor of the Reds.

J. H. A., Duncan.—If the parties outside who are betting see anything unfair going on, they can speak, but not if it is a case of simpley only.

A. W. B.—You can get Dinks, Mayhew & Hutchinson on training dogs by sending $3 to Ed. James, 88 Centre street, New York.

W. F. F., Utica.—It entirely depends upon the conditions and circumstances under which the milk and whiskey are taken.

W. S. B., Marathon.—Either engage a company and manage your own show, or seek an engagement with some other.

A. B. W. Hudson.—Thank you for the copy of the Bill, which is that of the Park Theatre, opened Jan. 29, 1798, and destroyed by fire May 25, 1820.

G. A. W.—1. Niblo's Garden will seat 1,978 persons. 2. Hetty Tracy was at one time a member of the Lydia Thompson Burlesque Troupe.

W. F., Avon.—You could not prosper at billiards, and this season of the year is a bad one for your regular vocation.

DIKEY, Buffalo.—Unless it has been otherwise specified, the loser of a match-game of billiards pays costs of table.

W. H. W., Rochester.—It was the custom for all dramatic agents to charge a booking fee until it was first abandoned in New York City, some few since years.

ED. A. J., Phila.—The game is 101. The score of 102 exclusive of twenty is more than sufficient, and the player need not play another card; he is therefore not "jeigled."

G. E. M., Quebec.—1. There is no agency of the kind now in the city. You will have to advertise. 2. No such paper now published.

C. A. P., Cleveland.—A loses the game for calling 66, when he was but 65.

JESSAR COLLEGE.—1. He was hung in 1855 at Stafford. 2. He has the power.

JERSEY CITY.—She first appeared in opera at the Academy of Music, New York.

PHILO DRAMATICUS, Louisville.—Fanny Wallack died at Edinburg, Scotland, Oct. 12, 1856.

PHILADELPHIA.—Bob Brierly should be acted with a Lancashire dialect.

A. W. B., Cleveland.—1. The advertisement will cost $3 for each insertion. 2. From $30 per week upwards.

REDTOP.—The Stadt Theatre in the Bowery is the largest in this country.

H. M.—118 yds. is a good throw. The longest on record is that of 1872 by Hatfield at Brooklyn 133yds. 1ft. 7½in.

SPARTANBURG.—A, who turned jack, wins the game, as it is scored the moment it is turned up.

J. C. C.—If a man bets that he beats 11, he must beat that number to win.

J. D. O., Greenville.—The sound proceeds from the bowels, and occurs in both horses and mares.

R. H., Manchester.—C wins the money, as A's hand was foul and could win nothing.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Lancaster.—The money must be divided.

C. B.—It has been held on the same day for the last two years.

W. F.—You say the cocks were not pitted. What kind of a fight were you having?

G. E. L., Louisville.—Robertson was the author of "Caste."

M. M., Cincinnati, O.—We are well supplied, and need nothing of the kind just now.

W. J. M.—We have it. It needs a little pruning, which we have not had time to give it.

G. H. H., Tidioute.—Thank you. We shall make room for it in our Varieties, at an early day.

I. FEAL SQUAM.—We have more than we can find room for.

MANNY DERROW.—Before we decide your question, we must know the terms of the bet made.

DOUBTER, Utica.—In order to cannot build your call of "aces" to nine; he can only take them with an ace.

CHUNK, St. Louis.—No. They were matched to fight in Ireland in 1864, but did not do so.

F. H. J., Cincinnati.—At poker dice, sixes are highest, and aces lowest.

J. C. S.—The party who went blind can fill it, and bet more; as also can the player who saw the blind.

S. C. B., Hamilton.—A full hand beats a flush. No answers by mail.

W. M. B., Nashville.—We cannot undertake to decide such a question of taste.

C. P., New Ipswich.—B could not claim the deal after the trump card was turned.

D. C., Campbellford.—Flora Temple was bred in Oneida County, N. Y.

J. R. S. T., Troy.—Contortionists acquire their flexibility by arduous practice. No artificial means are used.

H. D., Jeffersonville.—The phrase should have been "We judge of racehorses by their shape."

UNKNOWN, Boston.—Their route ahead, as far as it is advisable to give it, appears weekly in THE CLIPPER.

J. F. S.—It has acted Bob Brierly in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" at the Bowery Theatre.

Z., Chicago.—At cutthroat euchre, a euchre counts two points, and a march three, if the opponents are playing.

WHITE BULL.—Certainly; there is no prohibitory State law in Ohio.

FASCINE.—1. His address is Thomas Heathwood, post office, St. Louis, Mo. 2. We think highly of them.

F. M., Phila.—The rules of martiell are not to be obtained here.

MYSTIC PARK, Medford.—Your friend is right; the odds are 6 to 4 in favor of nicks.

W. J. B., New York.—Nathan Gordon was executed Feb. 21, 1862.

E. L. R., Marlboro.—Five or six cards, dealt singly, according to the game your are playing.

O. S. S., Washington.—Miss Emily Pitt is acting in England.

READER, Phila.—We cannot state the correct cost, but it will be about $160.

BOSTON.—We believe he was born in the northern part of this State, of German parents.

HOP, Hoosick Falls.—Morrissey and Sullivan fought at Boston Corners, Oct. 12, 1853.

CONSTANT READER, New Britain.—Clowns use prepared chalk and Chinese vermilion on their faces.

TWO LIBERTY.—Highly indisputable. It means two hot drinks, one without sugar and one with.

W. J. K.—As we have no access to the books of either journal, we cannot tell you.

EDWIN, Du Havre, Theatre Comique has a larger seating capacity than the other theatre you name.

G. R. R., New Brunswick.—Address Ed. James, 88 Centre street, for "The Pocket Hoyle;" price, 50 cents.

PRINCE JOHN, Boston.—We have no record of the horse.

SUBSCRIBER, Boston.—He is said to be fifty six years old.

SPANISH CUBANS, Cohoes.—Havana is on the island of Cuba.

F. F. C.—We will keep your letter on file for reference.

READER, Pomery.—It is purely a matter of opinion.

L. M. BROK., Indianapolis.—He was a Presbyterian.

TIM TWO MISSES Q.—We have no record of the coat.

COMTON, Memphis.—43 years of age, and married.

A. B., Georgetown.—We know nothing of the firm.

SAM B. V.—Yes; the lady has received the letter.

TOMMY H., Fort Ellis.—Will give it a reading.

HYDE PARK, Ill.—1. B cannot so play. 2. No

SNAPPER-UP.—Items received. Thank you.

E. S.—It is pronounced "Gor-jus."

J. K., Baltimore.—43 years of age.

E. B., Danbury.—We believe so.

D. T. J., L—The Baltic left first.

H. J., Norfolk.—We cannot say.

BALDY.—The cards count 24.

THE CLIPPER ALMANAC FOR 1874.

With the first number of THE CLIPPER issued in January, 1874, we shall present each one of our patrons with an almanac, gratis. It will be handsomely gotten up, printed on superfine paper, and will contain a variety of valuable information, including a chronology of some of the most noteworthy events that have transpired in amusement and sporting circles in ancient and modern times.

A limited number of advertisements will be received at the following rates: one page, $50; one-half page, $25; one-quarter page, $15. Size of page, 7¾x4½in. Such of our patrons as desire to advertise will oblige by sending in their favors not later than Dec. 16.

Newsdealers will please see that they get the almanacs with THE CLIPPER dated Jan. 3, 1874; and, as the gratuitous distribution of these almanacs will probably increase the sales of that issue of THE CLIPPER, dealers, by ordering in advance whatever extra copies they are likely to require, will thus obviate the delay which might otherwise occur in executing a large number of extra orders.

THE CLIPPER ALMANAC will be given only to subscribers and purchasers of our issue of Jan. 3, 1874. Otherwise it cannot be procured. Don't forget—a handsome 32-page almanac given free with each number of THE CLIPPER of that date.

THERE HAS BEEN considerable murmuring because so many of the crew of the Ville du Havre were saved, and so few of the passengers rescued. Some papers have been quite severe on the poor sailors because they did not do more to save the lives of the passengers. "Self-preservation is the first law of nature." The life of the most lowly of that crew was as dear to the sailor as was that of the millionaire to him, or that of the wealthiest heiress to her. When there was any possibility of keeping the ship afloat, it was the duty of the crew to labor to the utmost to effect that object. When all hope had fled, and the ship was going down, all on board the vessel stood on an equality; and every one, saint and sinner, the rich and the poor, the aristocratic passenger and the hired worker, sought his own preservation, as was natural that he should. In such an emergency we cannot understand why the sailor's life was not as dear to him as was the passenger's to that passenger.

THERE IS SEEMINGLY no end to strange occurrences since hard times encompassed us. From Providence comes "a sad story" that a poor woman, who, with her child, had had no food for two days, was arrested there a few days ago for stealing a pig's foot. Now, this way of putting it may be well enough in the eyes of *some* people; but we prefer the truth. That this poor woman *did* steal a pig's foot, we are free to admit; but our duty as a journalist requires us to say that there was a pig at the end of that foot, and that the poor woman "went the whole hog." We despise evasions.

AN INCREDIBLE story is going the rounds, to the effect that a man in St. Louis lately declined a public office with a salary of $3,000 because he couldn't attend to it without neglecting other public duties, which he performed for nothing. If it was ever intended that this yarn should be believed, then the author should have laid the scene elsewhere than in St. Louis and, selected for his hero other than a St. Louis man. Now, in New York such a thing *might* transpire, "and not excite our wonder;" but in St. Louis, never.

FOR STEALING A NEWSPAPER, a Philadelphia youth was sentenced, a few days ago, to pay a fine of ten dollars. If the lad desired to improve his fund of general information, and took this means of supplying the deficiency for lack of two cents, the decision was rather severe; but if he abstracted the paper through sheer wickedness, then the punishment was light. It is a fearful thing to steal a newspaper, and we don't care who knows it in the various post-offices throughout the country.

THE ONLY RESULT of the latest fistic fizzle was the discovery of another spurious Coyne.

SEEING AN ADVERTISEMENT headed "Wanted, a boy to feed," "Our Jim," who is always on the lookout for chances, decided to "take it in." But observe the caution of the boy: before asking for the position, he kindly inquired as to the *quality* of the food, and how many times a day it was to be administered; wages no object.

SOME PAPER announces that a race of cows for one hundred dollars is to come off shortly. This must be a mistake. It probably means that a race *of* Cowes is to take place. Reporters mix other things than liquors, sometimes.

THE PUGILISTIC LAMBS made an excursion to the vicinity of Wilkesbarre, Pa., last week; and, having satisfied themselves that the Wilkesbarre-ers were doing well enough, returned home in peace. Due notice of the next soiree will be given.

THE "BRAVE" VOLUNTEERS in Cuba have found the Virginius to be such a difficult conundrum to solve, that they are reluctantly compelled to "give it up."

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

☞ The crew of the Loch Earn, which ship was on Nov. 29 found to be in a sinking condition, have arrived at Plymouth, Eng. The captain of the Loch Earn is reported as having made the subjoined statement, which in several important particulars differs from the statements heretofore reported as having emanated from officers and passengers rescued from the Ville du Havre: "After first sighting the steamer and seeing that she was coming dangerously near, the captain of the Loch Earn rang the ship's bell and ported his helm. The helm of the steamer was put to the starboard; but the steamer came right across the Loch Earn's bows. The people in the first boat from the French steamer did not say she was sinking; but the captain of the Loch Earn, observing that the steamer was settling down, sent out his boats. Neither the first French boat nor the second one, which arrived shortly afterward, bringing in first and second captains of the Ville du Havre, attempted to return; but in spite of the expostulations of all the crew who were left on board the Loch Earn, and the threats of her mates to fire upon them, remained alongside the ship. The clothing of the French officers who reached the deck of the Loch Earn was dry, showing no signs of their having been in the water. Finally some Englishmen seized and manned one of the French boats, and went to the rescue of those struggling in the sea. Only one of the French boat's crew assisted in the rescue. The captain of the Loch Earn reports that the crews of the French boats from the fact that his vessel drifted such a long distance from the steamer after the collision before it was possible to shorten sail, and from the tardiness of the steamer in showing signals of distress, and from the misconduct of her crew."

☞ The gale of Dec. 3-4 would seem to have concentrated its fury upon Detroit, Mich. One hundred feet of the brick wall of the new Michigan Central Car Works were prostrated, and the whole roof blown off, while the iron roof of the paint shop was carried into the middle of the river. The steamer Burnside was blown against the steamer Mackinaw, damaging the latter to the extent of $4,000; the steamer Burnside was blown up the river for a mile and a half, and beached; the propellers Montgomery and Cauldwell, along with many other cra.', were more or less damaged by being blown across the river; and two barges are missing.

☞ In the Superior Court at Philadelphia, Pa., on Dec. 5, Judge Agnew delivered an opinion restraining the Election Commissioners, who were appointed by the Constitutional Convention, from acting. The opinion, in which all the other judges of the Court concurred, implies that the Convention has exceeded its legitimate scope in seeing safeguards to election system previously provided for that city, and in ordering a new one in reference to the adoption or rejection of the Constitution.

☞ Boston, Dec. 5.—Address Harry Seymour, the stage-manager of the Bowery Theatre.

ONACHITA, New Albany.—After C had assisted his partner, A, the latter could not play it alone.

BOSTON.—A cannot straddle F's blind after C and D have passed out.

F. H. J., Cincinnati.—At poker dice, sixes are highest, and aces lowest.

J. C. S.—The party who went blind can fill it, and bet more; as also can the player who saw the blind.

S. C. B., Hamilton.—A full hand beats a flush. No answers by mail.

W. M. B., Nashville.—We cannot undertake to decide such a question of taste.

C. P., New Ipswich.—B could not claim the deal after the trump card was turned.

D. C., Campbellford.—Flora Temple was bred in Oneida County, N. Y.

J. R. S. T., Troy.—Contortionists acquire their flexibility by arduous practice. No artificial means are used.

H. D., Jeffersonville.—The phrase should have been "We judge of racehorses by their shape."

UNKNOWN, Boston.—Their route ahead, as far as it is advisable to give it, appears weekly in THE CLIPPER.

J. F. S.—It has acted Bob Brierly in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" at the Bowery Theatre.

Z., Chicago.—At cutthroat euchre, a euchre counts two points, and a march three, if the opponents are playing.

WHITE BULL.—Certainly; there is no prohibitory State law in Ohio.

FASCINE.—1. His address is Thomas Heathwood, post office, St. Louis, Mo. 2. We think highly of them.

F. M., Phila.—The rules of martiell are not to be obtained here.

MYSTIC PARK, Medford.—Your friend is right; the odds are 6 to 4 in favor of nicks.

W. J. B., New York.—Nathan Gordon was executed Feb. 21, 1862.

E. L. R., Marlboro.—Five or six cards, dealt singly, according to the game your are playing.

O. S. S., Washington.—Miss Emily Pitt is acting in England.

READER, Phila.—We cannot state the correct cost, but it will be about $160.

BOSTON.—We believe he was born in the northern part of this State, of German parents.

HOP, Hoosick Falls.—Morrissey and Sullivan fought at Boston Corners, Oct. 12, 1853.

CONSTANT READER, New Britain.—Clowns use prepared chalk and Chinese vermilion on their faces.

TWO LIBERTY.—Highly indisputable. It means two hot drinks, one without sugar and one with.

W. J. K.—As we have no access to the books of either journal, we cannot tell you.

EDWIN, Du Havre, Theatre Comique has a larger seating capacity than the other theatre you name.

G. R. R., New Brunswick.—Address Ed. James, 88 Centre street, for "The Pocket Hoyle;" price, 50 cents.

PRINCE JOHN, Boston.—We have no record of the horse.

SUBSCRIBER, Boston.—He is said to be fifty six years old.

SPANISH CUBANS, Cohoes.—Havana is on the island of Cuba.

F. F. C.—We will keep your letter on file for reference.

READER, Pomery.—It is purely a matter of opinion.

L. M. BROK., Indianapolis.—He was a Presbyterian.

TIM TWO MISSES Q.—We have no record of the coat.

COMTON, Memphis.—43 years of age, and married.

A. B., Georgetown.—We know nothing of the firm.

SAM B. V.—Yes; the lady has received the letter.

TOMMY H., Fort Ellis.—Will give it a reading.

HYDE PARK, Ill.—1. B cannot so play. 2. No

SNAPPER-UP.—Items received. Thank you.

E. S.—It is pronounced "Gor-jus."

J. K., Baltimore.—43 years of age.

E. B., Danbury.—We believe so.

D. T. J., L—The Baltic left first.

H. J., Norfolk.—We cannot say.

BALDY.—The cards count 24.

☞ The machine shop connected with the extensive Bessemer Steel Works at Baldwin, Pa., was burned on Dec. 7.

☞ There are now seventeen murderers confined in the Tombs in this city, in spite of the recent clearing-out.

☞ Cholera has broken out among the Dutch troops in Acheen.

☞ At Dayton, O., on Dec. 4, a terrific gale blew down a screw factory four stories high.

DEATHS DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ARMITAGE, William Edmond, S. T. D., D. D.—Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Wisconsin, having been consecrated to that office upon the death of Bishop Kemper. He was the son of Mr. Enoch Armitage of this city, and was a scholar of rare attainments. He was at one time rector of St. John's Church at Portsmouth, N. H., and we believe that for the past seven years he had been Chancellor of the Racine College, Wis.—St. Luke's Hospital, this city, Dec. 7, aged 43.

BARCLAY, William F.—One of the wealthiest and most esteemed residents of Passaic, N. J. While standing upon the sidewalk, in conversation with a friend, was crushed to death by a falling building—that place, Dec. 4, aged about 42.

BASSFORD, Mr.—Formerly proprietor of the Naumkeag House, Salem, Mass. Committed suicide by hanging—that place, Dec. 5.

BATEY, Mrs. Charlotte—Relict of the late well-known Robert Batey of this city—Astor Place, Dec. 8, aged 81.

BENEDICT, Mrs. Mary C. Gilbert—Wife of the Rev. B. G. Benedict, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Washingtonville, Orange County, N. Y.—that place, Nov. 29.

BININGER, Mrs. Abram—Wife of A. Bininger, a prominent down-town merchant—Str. Ville du Havre, Nov. 22, aged 45.

BONAVENTURE, Rev. Robelet—Catholic clergyman, who is believed to have been the one who gave absolution to those of his own faith after the Loch Earne had run down the Ville du Havre at sea, Nov. 22.

BREEDEN, B. F.—Brother of W. H. Breeden of the india-rubber house of Breeden & Southwick, this city. Drowned at sea.—Str. Ville du Havre, Nov. 22, aged 60.

BROWNELL, Dr. William R.—A prominent citizen of Hartford, Ct. During the Rebellion he served on the medical staff in the Department of the Gulf—Hartford, Ct., Dec. 1.

CARRASCO, Rev. Antonio—A native of Spain, and had studied for four years at Geneva under Merle d'Aubigne the theological historian, and Prof. Pronier. He was pastor of a small Protestant congregation in Madrid. Originally he was a Roman Catholic, but abjured his faith, and was sentenced by the Spanish Government to nine years' imprisonment in the galleys. He had been a delegate from Madrid to the recent Evangelical Alliance in this city.—Str. Ville du Havre, Nov. 22, aged 30.

CHURCH, Miss Mary H.—A portrait painter of Boston, Mass., who sailed from this port with the view of visiting the art galleries of Europe, in company with Miss Lizzie Putnam. Both were occupied the same state-room.—Str. Ville du Havre, Nov. 22.

CONKLIN, Joel—An old and well-known resident of this vicinity. Famous as a trainer and driver, and for many years proprietor of the Centreville Racecourse.—Clarenceville, L. I., Dec. 5, aged 77.

COLLODION, M.—Caricaturist, who appeared recently in this city, at the Olympic Theatre. During the days of the Commune, he was driven out of Paris because of his caricatures of Thiers, and sought refuge in London. He was about to return to London when drowned.—Str. Ville du Havre, Nov. 22.

COLLODION, Mme.—Wife of the caricaturist, and, like him, of French nativity.—Str. Ville du Havre, Nov. 22.

CURTIS, Mrs. E.—A widow, and daughter of the Hon. John Cramer, former State Senator, and at one time president of the Delaware and Rensselaer Canal.—Her residence, Milwaukee, Wis.—Str. Ville du Havre, Nov. 22.

CURTIS, Nathaniel—Of the firm of Nathaniel & Nahaniel W. Curtis of Fairhaven, and a member of one of the oldest families of that city. Graduated at Harvard in 1818, and went into the real-estate business with his father. Afterwards he went into the commission business with a Mr. Soule, and then under the firm of Curtis & Bonve the house (known for the past few years as that of N. & N. W. Curtis) dealt largely in pig iron. N. W. Curtis is his son, as also is Dr. Hall Curtis, who during the Rebellion was surgeon in a Massachusetts regiment. Deceased was a frequent contributor to *The Boston Bee*.—Str. Ville du Havre, Nov. 22, aged 76.

COWLES, Josiah—He was born in Connecticut, and in 1814 removed to the South, settling in Hamptonville, N. C., in 1816, where he was merchant, farmer and manufacturer, for forty years postmaster, and for a considerable length of time chairman of the County Court. In 1845 Gov. Graham appointed him one of the Counsellors of State. His son was killed dead for six feet from him, Miles C., falling mortally wounded while leading the Thirty-eighth N. C. Regiment at Mechanicsville. The other, married by special license, the colonel of the regiment, and is now clerk of the State Senate—Hamptonville, N. C., Nov. 11, aged 82.

DOCKERY, Hon. Alfred—In 1822 C. and in 1826 he was elected to the Senate, where he served uninterruptedly until 1844. In 1845 he was elected to Congress, where he served one term. In 1850 he was appointed Judge, but he consented to serve another term, and was again elected. He was at one time the candidate of the Whig party for Governor, but was defeated by Gov. Bragg, whose majority, however, was but 2,085 votes—Richmond County, N. C., about Dec. 2, aged 76.

EDGAR, Mrs. Hermann—A lady of affluence, well known in fashionable circles, but in the habit of wintering in Europe with her two daughters, one of whom, Miss Cornelia, was saved. The elder lady was the widow of the late Hermann Edgar, and was a connection of the Le Roy family of this city.—Steamer Ville du Havre, Nov. 22.

EDGAR, Miss E.—Daughter of the above-named—Str. Ville du Havre, Nov. 22.

GOODWIN, Mrs. David—Daughter-in-law of Judge Goodwin of Chicago. Her two children, Lulu and Gertrude, aged seven and five respectively, were saved by her. Her husband, Daniel Goodwin, Jr., was in Chicago at the time.—Steamer Ville du Havre, Nov. 22.

HUNTER, Capt. Charles—Son of John Hunter, Minister to Brazil. His brother, William Hunter, has been Assistant Secretary of State. The deceased was born in Newport, R. I., and in 1850-51, he was appointed a midshipman, and assigned to the frigate Columbus of the Pacific Squadron, serving thereon for three years. During the Rebellion he commanded the Montgomery, and with that vessel chased a blockade-runner into shoal waters and fired upon her. An investigation followed, and Commander Hunter was placed on the retired list. He held a high position in Congress, but resigned the rank of captain on that list. He was a man of ample means, and since his retirement has lived at Newport.—Steamer Ville du Havre, Nov. 22, aged about 50.

HUNTER, Mrs. Mary Stockton—Wife of the abovenamed, daughter of the late William R. Rotch of New Bedford, Mass., and niece of Com. Richard F. Stockton of New Jersey. Her daughters Miss Lizzie and Miss Caroline saved; but she, her maid, her daughter Caroline, and her husband, perished—Str. Ville du Havre, Nov. 22.

HAMMOND, Thomas—Was largely engaged in the iron works at Crown Point, N. Y., and conspicuous in connection with the industrial interests of the country. During the late war he was active in procuring recruits and keeping the quota of his county full, and one of his latest acts was to provide for the erection of a soldiers' monument at his native place—Str. Ville du Havre, Nov. 22.

HAMMOND, Mrs. Thomas—Wife of the above-named, daughter of Prof. Lippman, who as the agent of the United States Government visited this country several years ago to examine our school system, and sister-in-law of John Hammond, who during the Rebellion was a brilliant cavalry officer in the Union side, and who lately held the office of Prison Inspector of this State. Drowned with her husband and their three children, Frank, Alice and Clarence. The family resided at Crown Point, N Y.—Str. Ville du Havre, Nov. 22.

JOUANIQUE, Theophile—Proprietor of a large millinery establishment in Paris, and another at 598 Broadway, this city. Reputed to have had an income of $95,000 per year, and was in the habit of making voyages between the two cities—Str. Ville du Havre, Nov. 22, aged 36.

JOUANIQU

fessors are men of acknowledged ability and learning! In the work before us, the author of which is Professor A. Chadeau of the Lyons Veterinary School, one of the best anatomists and physiologists of the day, the subject is treated in a most exhaustive manner, and forms a valuable book of reference to the veterinary surgeon. A valuable feature of the work is the comparison of the organs in man with those of the lower animals, showing the anatomical affinities of the two orders, as well as their characteristic differences. The illustrations are numerous and accurate, and the typography of the work reflects credit on the publishers, D. Appleton & Co. of this city.

POSTPONEMENT OF THE NEW ORLEANS FALL RACES.—The Fall meeting of the Louisiana Jockey Club at New Orleans, which was announced to commence on Saturday, the 6th inst., has been postponed, in consequence of the unfavorable weather, until Saturday next, the 13th. The meeting will continue six days, and in addition to the stables already reported in our last issue as being on the ground are those under the charge of Messrs. A. Turner, G. B. Morris, W. D. Hale, E. Harrison, W. Cottrill, W. A. Williamson, G. A. Rice, George Cadwallader, A. C. Franklin and W. Jennings. A good meeting is expected.

BASEBALL.

THE ATLANTIC CLUB RECORD FOR 1873

shows some of the finest play known in the history of the club; and taking the season's play through, badly as they have been defeated, the record is not one to be ashamed of by any means. The weak point has been the pitcher's position, as an analysis of the play conclusively shows; while in almost every other position they have been fully up to the standard of their rivals, and in some positions decidedly superior. We shall not in this analysis allude individually to the fielding qualities of the nine, as we are preparing special articles on that subject to appear in each week's CLIPPER; suffice it to say, however, that in many of the season's games played by the Atlantic, some of the finest in-fielding has marked their display; while an amount of really skillful batting has been exhibited equaling the best of the season.

The Atlantics opened in May, in a style which gave promise of their being strong competitors for the championship, their triumphs in the early part of the month including three games won out of four played, their defeated opponents including the Baltimore, Philadelphia and Boston Clubs. This proved to be but a rocket-like start, however, as afterwards they fell off to a fourth-rate position, and ultimately had to close the season in the sixth in the race for the championship pennant. As redeeming features, however, there stood forth their remarkable fourteen-innings game with the Philadelphia Club nine, which was marked by the small score of 3 to 2; and their ten-innings tie-game of 4 to 4 with the Athletics, and their last contest with the Philadelphia, when the latter narrowly escaped being "Chicagoed," the score being 12 to 1. Below will be found the full record of the games played by the Atlantic co-operative nine for 1873, given in the order of victories and defeats:

	VICTORIES		
May	7. Atlantic vs. Baltimore at Brooklyn	6	to 5
May	17. Atlantic vs. Boston at Boston	11	10
May	19. Atlantic vs. Philadelphia at Philadelphia	13	0
June	18. Atlantic vs. Athletic at Brooklyn	13	4
June	20. Atlantic vs. Washington at Washington	19	18
June	28. Atlantic vs. Resolute at Brooklyn	10	0
July	2. Atlantic vs. Washington at Brooklyn	5	1
July	14. Atlantic vs. Athletic at Brooklyn	18	7
July	17. Atlantic vs. Resolute at Brooklyn	21	1
Aug.	6. Atlantic vs. Resolute at Brooklyn	16	8
Aug.	9. Atlantic vs. Mutual at Brooklyn	12	2
Aug.	23. Atlantic vs. Mutual at Brooklyn	6	5
Aug.	25. Atlantic vs. Philadelphia at Philadelphia	10	3
Sept.	1. Atlantic vs. Athletic at Brooklyn	5	3
Sept.	3. Atlantic vs. Washington at Brooklyn	4	2
Oct.	15. Atlantic vs. Baltimore at Brooklyn	8	6
Total		179	89
	DEFEATS		
May	15. Boston vs. Atlantic at Boston	8	to 2
May	24. Philadelphia vs. Atlantic at Philadelphia	5	1
May	26. Athletic vs. Atlantic at Brooklyn	4	3
May	31. Athletic vs. Atlantic at Philadelphia	10	8
June	4. Mutual vs. Atlantic at Brooklyn	5	1
June	5. Resolute vs. Atlantic at Brooklyn	12	9
June	9. Philadelphia vs. Atlantic at Brooklyn	8	7
June	11. Boston vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	9	5
June	14. Philadelphia vs. Atlantic, at Philadelphia	16	9
June	19. Baltimore vs. Atlantic, at Baltimore	10	2
June	21. Baltimore vs. Atlantic, at Baltimore	10	7
July	7. Athletic vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	10	7
July	7. Athletic vs. Atlantic, at Philadelphia	16	7
July	12. Mutual vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	9	5
July	25. Baltimore vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	13	5
July	26. Mutual vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	7	4
July	28. Baltimore vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	6	1
Aug.	11. Mutual vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	12	9
Aug.	26. Baltimore vs. Atlantic, at Baltimore	17	9
Aug.	27. Washington vs. Atlantic, at Washington	9	7
Aug.	28. Philadelphia vs. Atlantic, at Philadelphia	3	2
Aug.	30. Athletic vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	11	2
Sept.	6. Boston vs. Atlantic, at Boston	23	1
Sept.	8. Boston vs. Atlantic, at Boston	15	10
Sept.	12. Philadelphia vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn (14 innings)	3	2
Sept.	15. Mutual vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	11	6
Sept.	18. Boston vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	9	4
Sept.	18. Philadelphia vs. Atlantic, at Philadelphia	9	4
Sept.	19. Baltimore vs. Atlantic, at Baltimore	14	5
Sept.	20. Athletic vs. Atlantic, at Philadelphia	5	3
Oct.	1. Boston vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	8	6
Oct.	9. Baltimore vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	29	4
Oct.	11. Washington vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	17	3
Oct.	13. Mutual vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	7	6
Oct.	17. Boston vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	24	5
Oct.	29. Athletic vs. Atlantic, at Philadelphia	17	5
Total		443	168
	TIE GAMES		
Oct.	22, Atlantic vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn (ten innings)	4	4
	EXHIBITION GAMES		
July	19, Atlantic vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	9	to 5
Oct.	25, Atlantic vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	14	4
Nov.	1, Atlantic vs. Philadelphia, at Brooklyn	12	1
Total		35	10
	AMATEUR GAMES		
April	26, Atlantic vs. Field, on Union Grounds	36	to 1
May	14, Atlantic vs. Yale, at New Haven	15	12
July	30, Atlantic vs. Irvington, at Brooklyn	10	1
Aug.	12, Atlantic vs. Irvington, at Brooklyn	11	1
Oct.	8, Atlantic vs. Yale, at New Haven	6	3
Oct.	14, Atlantic vs. Princeton, at Princeton	16	3
Total		94	22

The total runs scored by the Atlantics in all their games was 480 to 568.

Below are the batting and fielding averages of the ten players who took part in the principal games of the season. The data are taken from the scores of the club contests which have been published in THE CLIPPER:

BATTING AVERAGES.

Players.	Games.	First-base Hits.	Average Per Game.
Pearce	59	89	1-30
Barlow	58	82	1-21
Pabor	57	80	1-23
Boyd	50	72	1-22
Ferguson	57	72	1-15
Remsen	52	62	1-10
Burdock	56	64	1-8
Dehiman	55	56	1-2
Booth	12	14	1-2
Brett	57	57	1- 0

FIELDING AVERAGES—IN-FIELDERS.

Players.	Games.	Put Out.	Average.	Assisted.	Av'ge.
Barlow, c	58	176	3-2	58	1- 0
Britt, p	57	20	0- 0	77	1-20
Dehiman, 1st b	55	686	12-36	11	0- 0
Burdock, 2d b	56	181	3-13	172	3- 4
Ferguson, 3d b	57	127	2-13	216	3-45
Pearce, s s	59	96	1- 1	237	4- 1

OUT-FIELDERS.

Pabor	57	128	2-14	5	0- 0
Remsen	52	110	2- 6	7	0- 0
Boyd	50	83	1- 5	21	0- 0
Booth	12	20	1- 8	4	0- 0

Boyd played at third base occasionally, hence his large score of assistance. Where the average is less than one, we score it as nothing.

The pitching record of the Atlantic for 1873 shows the appended statistics. The table gives the number of runs earned in their several games with champion nines:

Atlantic.	Athletic	Washington	Resolute	Mutual	Philadelphia	Boston	Baltimore	Total.
Runs earned	24	19	19	18	14	11	11	115
No runs earned	3	0	0	3	2	2	2	12
Single runs earned	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Double figures	8	0	0	4	2	1	1	16
Average to a game	4	4	2	1	1	1	1	0

By the above table it will be seen that the Atlantics earned more runs in their games with the Athletics than with any other club; but they averaged more earned runs to a game from the Washingtons than from any other, and fewer from the Bostons.

The table below shows how runs were earned by the Atlantic nine opponents:

Atlantic.	Athletic	Baltimore	Boston	Mutual	Philadelphia	Resolute	Washington	Total.
Runs earned by the	44	43	30	27	27	9	8	188
Games in which no runs earned	1	1	3	2	3	1	0	9
Games in which single were earned	1	1	0	1	0	0	0	3
Games in which doubles were earned	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	2
Average of earned runs	6	4	3	3	3	2	2	

The appended table gives the record of games won by the Atlantics, in which their score in three innings and less exceeded the full score of their adversaries:

Atlantic.	Athletic	Baltimore	Boston	Mutual	Philadelphia	Resolute	Washington	Total.
In one inning	1	0	0	2	1	2	2	8
In two innings	0	1	0	0	1	1	0	3
In three innings	2	1	0	1	1	0	0	5
Totals	4	2	0	3	3	3	2	17

It will be seen that the Atlantics defeated the Athletics the most times in three innings and less. Below is a table showing by which club the Atlantics were most frequently defeated in three innings and less:

Atlantic.	Athletic	Baltimore	Boston	Mutual	Philadelphia	Resolute	Washington	Total.
In one inning	1	3	4	2	4	0	0	15
In two innings	3	1	1	1	2	0	0	8
In three innings	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	3
Totals	5	5	6	3	7	0	0	26

It will be seen that the Boston nine gave them the worst defeats. The club record of games lost and won is as follows:

Atlantic.	Athletic	Baltimore	Boston	Mutual	Philadelphia	Resolute	Washington	Total.
Games won	4	2	1	2	2	3	3	18
Games lost	1	1	2	1	1	0	0	6
Games played	10	8	9	9	9	4	4	24

One game was a tie, and four were forfeited to the Atlantics, four not counting.

THE BALTIMORE CLUB.

At the meeting of the Boston Club last week a dispatch was received from Baltimore, stating that the Baltimore Club was $7,000 in debt, and that the players who had been engaged for 1874 were open for engagement to other clubs. In confirmation of this statement we give below a letter from Lipman Pike, who has returned to Brooklyn, and who is now free from any engagement:

BROOKLYN, Dec. 6, 1873.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER.—Having just arrived from Baltimore, I hasten to inform you that the Baltimore Baseball Club have disbanded, and have forfeited their engagements with myself and all others who were engaged for the season of 1874. I sincerely regret the disbandment of the club, and I take this method of informing the directors and members of the Baltimore Club that I am truly grateful for many favors and courtesies which I have received at their hands during the two seasons I was connected with them. I had become attached to the club, and had refused offers to play with other nines during 1874, as my preference was for the Baltimores; and if at any time the club should reorganize I will be ready to battle with them for the "whip pennant," if not elsewhere engaged. Yours truly, LIPMAN PIKE.

BOSTON BASEBALL CLUB.—This champion organization held their annual meeting at Boston, Mass., Dec. 3, the attendance being small. The report of the president showed that the club numbered one hundred and ten members; also, that the nine for next year would comprise the two Wrights, Barns, Spaulding, Schafer, Leonard, McVey, O'Rourke and Beals. White had signed papers pledging himself to play with the Boston Club, if at all. The report of the treasurer, J. C. Haynes, was presented, showing that there had been received, in the form of membership dues, $2,730. Of this amount $2,647.46 had been paid to the order of F. E. Lang, treasurer of the Boston Base all Association, and there was in the treasury a surplus of $60.34. Inquiry was made by one or two members of the club in regard to the amount of original stock held by the club, and one of the original stockholders present stated that seventy-two shares of the forfeited stock had been passed over to Mr. Haynes, the treasurer, and was at the disposal of the club. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, N. T. Appolonio; treasurer, J. C. Haynes; secretary, C. C. Adams; directors, W. W. Dalinger, E. C. Bigelow, J. A. Conkey, M. E. Chandler, A. J. Chase, G. F. Burrage and Arthur Sedon.....The members of the Boston Baseball Association—or, in other words, the original stockholders in the old corporation—held their annual meeting the same day. The report of the treasurer showed that the receipts for the year had been about $23,000, of which $19,000 were the net proceeds of games played here and elsewhere. The amount in the treasury was some $600. The stockholders not taken in the matter of electing officers for the coming year.

HANDBALL AMONG THE QUAKERS.—There are quite a number of persons in the City of Brotherly Love who admire the old-country pastime of handball, and they patronized quite extensively the handsome new court, opened some time ago by Neals & Nicholas, at No. 913 Carpenter street. On Monday afternoon, Dec. 1, a double-handed match was played there, Fleming and Judge being pitted against O'Hara and McGranaghan. The first, third and sixth games were won by the latter couple, by the respective scores of 21–15, 21–20, and 21–3. Fleming and Judge won the second, fourth and fifth games by the scores of 21–15, 21–17, and 21–8, the total number of aces scored being 103 to 101 in favor of O'Hara and McGranaghan, thus showing that the four contestants are pretty evenly matched. The play at times was very fine, some difficult services by O'Hara and brilliant and almost impossible hits by Fleming and Judge being greatly applauded by the spectators. Harry Schafer of the Boston B. B. C. and Mack of the Philadelphia Club had a contest. Judge partnered Schafer, while O'Hara piloted Mack. Judge played remarkably well, but O'Hara and Mack won two games in succession by scores of 21–12 and 21–7. Schafer made a very creditable debut as a handball player. Every afternoon this week will witness matches at this court; "Stonewall" Purdy, John McGrath, George Robinson and other noted shuffleboard players making this their headquarters. Also, Judge and Flanagan play a match on the 11th.

STATEMENTS OF CLUB PRESIDENTS.—The columns of THE CLIPPER have recently contained pretty plain statements of the opinions of professional-club managers in regard to the existing evils which have brought professional players into bad odor; but we have yet to hear from Messrs. Ferguson of the Atlantic, Davidson of the Mutual, and Harry Wright of the Boston Club. Below will be given the emphatic statement of the president of the Philadelphia Club, which we hope to see endorsed by all the club-managers who are not controlled by betting-ring influences:

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 7, 1873.

EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER.—In your last issue you expressed some regret that I had merely touched upon one point of the existing troubles in the baseball world. This, of course, was an oversight on my part, and I thought that Mr. Gassette's chief intimation was that players were being meddled with by other clubs, and to a certain extent this is required, in my mind, some revolution. But as many movement to punish the thieves and bad characters in the professional fraternity is concerned, I am with it heart and hand, and I will do all in my power to bring such offenders to their deserts. I am deeply impressed with the necessity of such action, and would recommend immediate co-operation of some kind by the managers of the several clubs. Yours truly, G. W. YOUNG,

President Philadelphia B. B. C.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP COMMITTEE of the Massachusetts Amateur Association held a meeting at Boston, Dec. 3, when the question of the championship was settled, and the silver ball will be awarded to the Live Phlips of East Abington. This club was tied with the Chelseas in the number of games won, as well as the number of series won, and the matter was decided by the best general record.

PEDESTRIANISM.

MULLEN DEFEATS BEVELANDER.—A twelve-mile walking match, for $200 a side, came off on Thanksgiving Day at Evergreen Park, New Bedford, Mass., between Edward Mullen of Boston and Benjamin Bevelander of Boston Highlands. Mullen was backed by Joseph Simpson of Fall River, and Bevelander by H. G. Dean of New Bedford, as an unknown; the friends of *The New Bedford Standard* being temporary, and H. M. Brownell of the Parker House final stakeholder. The match was to commence at 1.30 o'clock, but owing to a difficulty in agreeing on a referee, it was 2.15 before the men appeared on the track. Bevelander's colors were green, while Mullen was dressed in blue and white. John Haydock of Boston acted as umpire for Mullen, and George Chase of New Bedford for Bevelander, with Andrew J. Brown of New Bedford as referee. After Bevelander had walked half a mile for exercise they shook hands, the word was given, and they started. At first Mullen made a spurt, but on their going a mile they were about even. On the next mile Bevelander took the lead. Mullen was by far the more graceful walker and appeared to be the speedier of the two, though it could not be foretold whether or not he would hold out. He seemed to have no fear, however, and did not exert himself to keep the lead; in fact, after going 3 miles, he fell in behind Bevelander and kept in his tracks until about 11½ miles had been walked, generally winking to his friends as he passed the stand, as if to say, "I have a soft thing." So, with the exception of some remarkable walking in the third half mile, which was made by Mullen in 3.31, and Bevelander in 3.39, no severe strain was developed until the three-quarters of a mile remained. Mullen then made one of those grand spurts for which he is famous, passed his opponent, and, gradually increasing his speed, came in the winner by two hundred yards in 1 hour 48 minutes 30 seconds, Bevelander being 1 minute 27 seconds behind. The track was frozen, and of course a little rough, and a fall of snow and rain while they were walking did not help it any.

T. WALLACE of Mt. Holly, N. J., defeated W. Thomas of Trenton, in a race of fifty yards, for a purse of $50, at the former place, Nov. 25. He won by nearly two feet in 6¼ seconds.

TRIGGER.

A SWEEPSTAKES for $100 in gold, divided into purses of $50, $30 and $20, was shot at the White Horse Hotel, Kirkwood Station, N. J., Dec. 1, ten contestants shooting at ten singles each. Miles Johnson and William Mount killed all their birds, and took the first two prizes. William Carson, Harry Ohl and Joe Tomlin killed nine birds each, and shot off; Carson and Tomlin dividing third purse. John Huddell killed eight birds; Ed. Maher, five; John Sharp, four; Frank Kleinz, two; and Ben Badger, one bird.

JAMES WARD, the champion pigeon shot of the New Dominion, returned from abroad a few days ago. While in England he engaged in several sweepstakes, shoots and matches, in only a couple of which he lost. He was warmly welcomed back by his friends.

MILES JOHNSON AND MOSE MYERS are to shoot a match for $500 a side at Deerfoot Park, near Brooklyn, L. I., Dec. 9.

THE "LAND" OF FISH.—The fish of the United States are unsurpassed in flavor in the world. Sportsmen who with rod and line have whipped European waters say there is nothing like them there from the Norway fords to the Gandalquiver. Africa and Asia are both poor in this respect. Even in China, where the fish is an abundant article of food, and is found in great variety, the flesh is coarse. The salmon of the Scotch lochs afford the nearest approach to the succulence and tender delicacy of our mountain trout, and the flaky tenderness of the salmon trout. Then there are the white-fish, the bass, the shad, and an innumerable multitude of others. We have but one rival, and that a prolific but small one. It is the French sardine, or sea fresh. This delicious little fish will, in a few years, cease its rivalry, however, if reports are true from the coast of France. At present the sardine fisheries employ 20,000 sailors, and some 18 000 men, women and children on land to prepare the fish for market. Each year shows an advance in the price and a diminution in the catch, and in no great length of time over-fishing will have produced its usual consequence—a failure of the fish.

QUICK TELEGRAPHING.—The President's message, Spanish protocol and synopis of the Treasury report, in all 12,325 words, were on the 2d inst., transmitted from Washington, D. C., to New York, over eight wires, by the Western Union Telegraph Company, in one hour. This is the shortest time in which the message was ever received, and under the disadvantage of unfavorable weather, a steady rain falling at the time along the whole length of the lines. The report passed through the Associated Press office in one hour and twenty minutes.

ATTENTION!—The first grand Fly of the Knights of the Golden Goose will be given on Tuesday evening, Dec. 30, at Big Injin Hall, Third and Brower streets, Philadelphia. It is stipulated that "no gander is to be admitted without a goose." From the popularity of the Knights of the Golden Goose, a large number of their friends will be "out on the Fly," on the above-mentioned occasion. We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to be one of the "birds of a feather" likely to "flock together" on the evening of the 30th.

A SET-TO took place at Elmira, N. Y., Nov. 29, between the dogs Crib, owned by Marten Mack, and Colonel, owned by Sam Barras. They fought two hours and forty-five minutes, without making a scratch, when the owner of Colonel declared his dog whipped, and it was so decided by the referee, Thos. Smith. It was one of the best contested fights that ever took place in that section. Since the affair both dogs have died. Colonel died before he was taken home, and Crib survived him but one week.

JAMES TAYLOR and GEORGE WASHINGTON, a brace of "sculling gemmen," wrestled at Boston, Mass., for a purse of $50, Saturday evening, Nov. 29. The match was best two in three fair back falls, collar and elbow holds, and Washington obtained the victory by winning the first and third falls.

COUNSELLOR JOHN G. BOYD of THE CLIPPER Building is spoken of as being the probable successor of the late Judge Kivlin in the Second Judicial District of this city. Mr. Boyd's appointment by the Governor would be likely to give general satisfaction.

MAJOR JAMES H. MCLAUGHLIN and a Pacific slope athlete named Whalen are matched to wrestle, collar and elbow holds, for $2,500 a side, we learn; the contest to take place at San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 17.

A CORRESPONDENT informs us that Mrs. Dr. Hobart of Clinton, Iowa, has given birth to the third child having six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from Page 386.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH lectured at Pike's Opera-house, Cincinnati, O., Dec. 1, on "The Irish Question."

MARTIN the wizard and ventriloquist closed a successful season of two weeks on Nov. 22, having given fourteen performances at St. Lawrence Hall, Toronto, C. W. Route ahead: Oshawa, Bowmanville, Port Hope, Peterboro, Lindsey, Cobourg, Belleville, Picton, Kingston, Ganoqua, Brockville, Perth, Smith's Falls, one week each. Ottawa two weeks:

PROFESSOR MARTIN.—As the season of this gentleman draws to a close, it really appears as if his popularity increases. On several occasions the sale of tickets had to be stopped long before the time of commencing, in consequence of the hall being so packed as not even to admit of standing-room. Last night a very numerous audience assembled, who in an unmistakable way testified their approbation of all that they had witnessed. The Frankenstein Mystery was performed last night, and it must be admitted is terribly and graphically real; it seems absurd to say that a head, arm and leg can be cut off and yet the person—or what remains of him, that is to say—still lives, but so wonderfully cleverly is the illusion accomplished that, although we know it to be an impossibility, still we are obliged to admit that apparently this has been literally done. In fact, on one or two occasions, so painfully real did it appear that ladies fainted.—*The Leader, Toronto, Nov. 22.*

AMATEUR.

THE HAVERHILL PARLOR CONCERT TROUPE gave an entertainment at Bradford, Mass., Dec. 1, to assist Miss Mary Webster in the payment of a piano for her school. The company comprised the following amateur talent: Harry Brickitt, comedian, also stage-manager; Len Rand, Ethiopian and dancer; Hal Spofford, guitarist; Lute Martin, concertina; By. Pearson, Dutch comique; Hi Waterman, club-swinger; Ol Flanders, basso; Bob Brickett, banjo and song-and-dance; Albert W. Stewart, pianist, and Ben Griffin, property man.

SOME OF THE MEN stationed at Fort Whipple, Va., gave an amateur variety show on Thanksgiving night, when a number of the officers with their wives were present, and after the performances a ball took place. Among the performers were Joseph and John O'Leary, George Coyle, McGuire and Thomas Forbes. A similar entertainment is proposed for Christmas night.

THE SHAKESPEARE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia, presented the comedy of "Caste," and the drama "Ben Bolt," at their regular weekly performance at the Amateurs' Drawing-room, in that city on the 4th of December.

"DAVID GARRICK" and "Charles II" were produced at the Amateurs' Drawing-room, Philadelphia, on the evening of the 1st inst., the occasion of a complimentary benefit to Messrs. R. M. Sheridan and H. A. Richards.

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB of Cincinnati, O., gives the "World of Fashion," and "Trying It On," on the 9th inst., at Davenport Club of that same city gave the "Honeymoon" on the 5th, to a large and pleased audience.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

LONDON, ENG., PLAYGOERS were regaled with little that was fresh during the week which closed Nov. 23. At the Court a piece described as "an eccentric comedietta" and entitled pretty much as it was presented on the 16th. It is an adaptation, by Latour Tomline, of the French comedietta "Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie," and *The Sunday Times* thus speaks of it: "A young Londoner, who is engaged to be married to a Welsh girl, rides leisurely through Hyde Park on the morning fixed by the happy pair for the marriage. A lady is sitting upon a bench in Rotten Row, and the rider's horse, which is somewhat curious in the matter of provender, takes a fancy to—of all things in the world—her straw hat, which he whisks off her head and eats without further ceremony. 'Hélas! mes rêves!' Heedless of his matrimonial engagement, the 'preux chevalier' salies forth in search of a Leghorn hat, precisely similar to that of which the fair stranger had been so strangely deprived by his steed. In the mishaps that befall him while engaged in this ridiculous expedition dwells the whole business of the piece. Not being able to find the article he requires in the shop of a milliner in whom, to his confusion, he discovers a former sweetheart whom he had effectually deserted, and who assails him with fierce reproaches, he visits the mansions of the nobility, and has the most farcical interview with the ladies of the house, whom he implores with tragi-comic impassionment to oblige him with the loan of a white Leghorn trimmed with poppies. The cream of the joke is, that through this journey of wild adventures he is pursued up hill and down hill and to the wedding guests, Welsh people, all of the most Cambrian caste, whose rage and indignation at the extraordinary conduct of the bridegroom-elect know no bounds. From post to pillar they 'chevy' him, sometimes pursuing him in cabs of a dozen or so in a line, sometimes on foot. The entire party, with the cabs and the tartan, and her corpulent father all flowers and fury, figure in the van of the procession, while the friends and relatives, dancing to the air of 'Haste to the Wedding,' bring up the rear. The fun, which grows fast and furious through the whole course of the story, reaches an uproarious climax in the last scene, when the wedding guests fall foul of a policeman, who 'runs them in,' one and all, amid roars of laughter. Then comes a succession of jokes—verbal and practical—at the expense of the police, these polyphonic pleasantries being invariably received with a relish which is probably a foretaste of what 'the force' may expect in the forthcoming pantomimes. One point in particular evokes shouts of derisive applause—that in which a peeler, being bribed to take into custody an innocent lady whom he has never before seen, surveys her with insolent familiarity, and affects to recognize in her a case-hardened criminal. 'What! again!' he exclaims; 'I know you! Come along.' And so saying he transits her into the 'station.'" "A Happy Dustier" is the title of a comedietta, by Ernest Cuthbert, which was added to the bill at the Vandeville. It is a simple and pleasantly written work describing an imbroglio of a not very novel kind. A rattling young naval officer follows a Quakeress to her temporary home, which is the house of a young lady who has separated from her husband on account of domestic differences. This husband is also a naval officer, and takes this opportunity to return and seek reconciliation. The ladies change dresses, and the officers make love to the wrong women with the effect of producing a laughable complication.....Charles Reade's drama "The Wandering Heir" was produced with success at the Queen's, Nov. 16, having originally been presented some months ago at the Liverpool Amphitheatre. Mrs. John Wood sustains the part of Philippa Chester, an heiress and orphan.....'Richelieu" was presented for the fortieth time at the Lyceum Nov. 22.....Nothing new at the other houses.

CONCERNING the demise of the late George Jordan, *The Era* says: It contains the following: "Many erroneous reports respecting the death of the above-named actor having been circulated, we lay before our readers the facts of the case, which are as follows: Mr. Jordan on Thursday evening, 13th inst., appeared with L. J. Sefton's company at the Torquay Theatre, and achieved a decided success in the role of Pygmalion. He subsequently made arrangements for an early walk with a friend on Friday morning. When called by his landlady and told that his friend was waiting, he begged to be excused, as he had passed but an indifferent night. He asked for a cup of tea, and on that being taken to him, he was found in bed, lying on his side and dead. He was buried in the Torquay Cemetery on Tuesday last, his remains being followed to the grave by L. J. Sefton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Horsman, T. B. Appleby, C. Wilstone, Mrs. C. Wyndham, T. Connolly, Mr. Everard and a number of old and attached friends. Deceased was a man of kind heart and genial disposition."

THE ENTR'ACTE ALMANACK (London) for 1874 will be published in December. This little annual is said to have been quite a success last year. The conductor is Mr. William H. Combes.

JULES BARBIER'S fire-act poetic drama, "Jeanne d'Arc," has been produced at the Gaite, Paris, France, and has proven a failure. The incidental music is by M. Gounod. *The Era* contains the following sneer: "Adhering closely to the generally received traditions as to the career of Jeanne, the author presents her to us, in the first act, at her village home of Domremy, where she hears those mysterious 'voices' that urged her to be the champion and deliverer of France. The peasantry flying before the invaders sing a touching and plaintive chorus, and the sonorous sounds of the organ are admirably combined with those of the orchestra, where the tender strains of the violins and a few mysterious notes of the horn reign supreme. The effect is inexpressibly beautiful. From Domremy the second act transports us to the Chateau of Chinon, where the effeminate Charles VII. forgetful of the misfortunes of his country, is dreaming life away in indolent pleasure. The scenery representing the interior of the old castle is in exquisite taste, and has been carried out with strictest regard to historical accuracy. Jeanne rouses Charles from his lethargy, and the act closes with a fine war song 'Dieu le veut,' which is looked on as the finest piece of musical composition in the play. Indeed, so stirring is the chorus that it has been compared to the 'Marseillaise.' The third act brings us to the French camp at Orleans, with a beautiful representation of the broken bridge across the Loire. Soldiers are drinking and singing with all the careless gayety inherent to French character, and their chorus is encored nightly. A mock funeral, accorded to an effigy of the English commander, affords an opportunity for the introduction of Gounod's piquant 'Funeral March of a Marionette.' The coronation at Rheims cathedral, in the fourth act, is a magnificent spectacle, and the march accompanying it vivid and dramatic. In the last act we find Jeanne a prisoner in the hands of the English. She is asleep, and the rough drinking-song of the soldiers is finely contrasted with reproductions of the voices of the angels, by which the finale of the first act was closed. Then Jeanne appears before her judges, and is condemned as a heretic to be burned. As she is tied to the stake, while the flames are kindling, the heavens open, the angelic choir is again heard, and the heroic girl, her eyes fixed on the crucifix held before her eyes by her confessor, is rapt in gorgeous vision of the joys of paradise. The role of the heroine is played by Mlle. Lia Felix, sister of the great Rachel, with considerable power."

HENRY DUDLEY, a well-known representative of the stage sailor, and for forty years a favorite of several metropolitan theatres, died at London, Eng., Nov. 18, of bronchitis, after a fortnight's illness.

EDMUND R. JONES, author of several pantomimes produced at the Adelphi Theatre, Liverpool, Eng., died in that city Nov. 15, aged sixty-seven.

CIRCUSES.

DAN MACARTE, who for many years was connected with circuses, died on the 19th ult., after a brief illness, at the Middlesex, Eng., Hospital. Latterly he had been connected with the Middlesex Music Hall.

EDMUND SAIAMONSKY has purchased the immense buildings on the New Market at Berlin, Prussia, at a cost of £75,000, and that he intends to convert them into circus, cafe, restaurant, etc., and so provide amusement extraordinary for the delectation of his patrons.

A WESTERN EDITOR complacently observes: "A persevering contributor to this journal, who properly writes only on one side of his paper, has furnished material for the editor to write his editorials on for the last six months—on the blank side of said paper, furnished postage prepaid. If economy be a virtue, we will certainly be blessed."

"NOT GUILTY, but we believe he broke into the house, for all that," was the verdict lately rendered by an American jury. The magistrate was dissatisfied with such a finding, and sent them back to reconsider, when they determined not to "go back" on themselves, and erased all but the two words at the beginning.

A RACING ANECDOTE.—*The Syracuse Courier* is responsible for the following anecdote, relating to a well-known citizen: We came across an item in the history of one of our rising young men, which we hasten to embalm and put on record. The story we heard yesterday relates to a former crier of the courts in this county, who is celebrated for his forensic abilities. It so happened that during a term of County Court there were to be three days' races, which the presiding judge was very anxious to attend. He accordingly, on the forenoon of the day previous, when the hour of adjournment arrived, directed our friend to adjourn the court. The crier turned to the Judge and asked to what time he would adjourn. The Judge whispered to adjourn till after the races, supposing the crier would take the hint and fix the date beyond that on which the races would terminate; but instead, he announced it in this way: "Hear ye! hear ye! This court will stand adjourned so that the Judge can attend the races!" The effect on the judge can be imagined when we state that he threw a book at the crier, hitting him a stinging blow on the back of the neck. Thereafter he was very definite in fixing the time to which the crier should adjourn.

THE INVINCIBLE SCHOOLMARM.—Ladies traveling through Canada by rail are often greatly annoyed by having their luggage unnecessarily searched, but one of the officials recently got his deserts. It happened that a Yankee school-teacher, on her way from Kansas to Vermont, passed through the Dominion, with a trunk packed to bursting with nothing contraband. When the officer demanded her key she begged him not to open it, assuring him that it had come through from Kansas, contained simply clothes and books, and was so full that it would be very troublesome to repack it. But he sternly demanded the key, and maliciously pulled everything out of the very bottom; then—finding her assertions true—he returnbd the key and advised her to "hurry up and get the traps back," as the train would soon move. "What is that to me!" said the quick-witted women; "I have a check for that trunk, and hold the Grand Trunk Railway responsible for its safe delivery. I will not take the key, and you may do as you please with the trunk." Report says that official was very weary and red in the face and rather profane, ere he finished packing that trunk.

HE WENT TO THE WRONG LODGE.—A Richmond, Va., paper tells a story of a very sagacious dog and a very foolish man, and the man owns the dog. He is a married man, and the other evening told his young wife that he was going to the "lodge." The wife anxiously looked for the return of her husband until the small hours of the morning, and finally there was a scratching at the door. She opened it. The dog was there and something more. He had in his mouth a bloody handkerchief and a round piece of ivory about the size of a silver dollar. She did not know anything about the ivory, but the bloody handkerchief suggested to her a terrible story. She put on her bonnet and followed the dog. He piloted her to the lodge, which was in an upper chamber of a high building, and there

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

[The following seasonable poem we find among our scraps, and, as it seems to possess much merit, we have concluded to transfer it to our columns. The author, whoever she or she may be, is evidently a novice; or, rather, is too modest to lay claim to the origin of the composition. In vain have we endeavored to discover the author. The more extended our researches, the more difficult our task becomes. It is seldom that a poem of such tenderness and beauty is cast upon the waters without some one to assume its authorship. "Beautiful Snow" is an exception to the rule. No one claims it—no one can tell aught of its origin. Our readers will no doubt thank us for giving it a wider circulation than it has yet had.—ED. CLIP.]

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and the earth below;
Over the house-tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along,
Beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong;
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak;
Beautiful snow from heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go,
Whirling about in their maddening fun—
It plays in its glee with everyone—
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by,
It lights on the face, and it sparkles the eye,
And the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around—
The town is alive and its heart in a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How wildly the crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges like meteors flash by,
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye!
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing they go,
Over the crust of the beautiful snow—
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
As to make one regret to see it lie
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horse-trodden street.

Once I was as pure as the snow, but I fell;
Fell like the snowflakes from heaven to hell;
Fell to be trampled as filth in the street;
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat;
Pleading,
Cursing,
Bleeding to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy;
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread;
Hating the living, and fearing the dead.
Merciful God! Have I fallen so low?
And yet was I once like the beautiful snow!

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like a crystal, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face.
Father,
Mother,
Sister, all,
God and myself I have lost by my fall;
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh;
For all that is in or around me, I know
There's nothing that's pure as the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange should it be when night comes again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain!
Fainting,
Freezing,
Dying alone,
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan
To be heard in the streets of the crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down;
To lay me down in the grave and to know
No more of the pain and woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow,
Sinner, despair not, Christ stoopeth low
To rescue the soul that is lost in its sin,
And raise it to life and enjoyment again.
Groaning,
Bleeding,
Dying for thee,
The Crucified hung on the accursed tree;
His accents of mercy fell soft on thine ear—
Is there aught for you? Will he heed your prayer?
O, God! in the stream that for sinners did flow,
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than the beautiful snow.

THE TURN OF A CARD.

A STORY OF THE CRESCENT CITY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

CHAPTER XVI.
A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

When Florence Tucker recovered from the swoon into which she had fallen on hearing the cruel words spoken by Dick, she found only Lois present in the room. The negress sat by a small table, with her bony hands pressed to her lips, and her suspicious eyes fixed upon the pale face of her charge.

"How long have I been here?" asked the young girl, as a remembrance of what had happened stole over her mind.

"Somewhars 'bout ten minutes," answered the black.

"Has Mr. Kendall gone?"

"Yes; he's done gone?"

Florence drew a long breath of relief. Then, like a sharp weapon piercing her heart, suddenly came the recollection of what he had told her, and her lips uttered a feeble moan.

"Dar now, if you's goin' to faint ag'in, take dis here glass o' wine," said Lois, rising from her seat and approaching the bed.

"I shall not faint again," returned Florence, in low tones.

The negress resumed her seat, and the eyes of the young girl closed heavily. After a time Lois arose, took the candle and passed out of the room. Her charge slept, she thought; but it was not sleep which closed the weary eyelids. For many hours Florence had lain thinking over what had told her, and of the life which his lips had spoken. She thought of all the terrible events of the week—of the ride on that Monday night, of the horrible truth that had dawned so tardily—she, a helpless victim in the hands of a desperate scoundrel; of her utter amazement at the character which Robert Kendall had suddenly assumed; of the agony which her father must even then be suffering; of the letter which he had left in her handwriting. Would he, could he, believe that she had written that letter? Had Frederic Mayo indeed been to New Orleans? And would he, of all others, give credence to so wicked a forgery? No, no! it could not be! What Robert Kendall had told her was but a falsehood—an utter falsehood, and she was weak and foolish for one moment to believe his lying tongue! She would not believe it longer! She would trust in the love of him who had won her heart. She would shut out from her mind the thought of his ever forsaking her—of his ever doubting her. And before very long her release from this terrible captivity would come—she felt sure of that. She would pray her Heavenly Father for deliverance, and her prayer would not be unanswered. And so she continued in the mind of the brave man she would be of good courage and brave heart!

Revolving such thoughts as these, her mind grew calmer, her spirits less depressed, till at last she sank into a sleep more refreshing than she had known since her nights had been passed under the roof of that terrible house. When she awoke, day broke, Florence arose with a healthier glow on her face than the eyes of the black Lois had ever before seen.

"Feelin' better dis mornin', aint you?" inquired the negress, busying herself in the preparation of the breakfast.

"Yes; much better," answered Florence.

"Ought to take someding to eat," suggested the woman.

"I haven't much appetite, but I will try."

The trial, though it did not prove a very marked success, was no more than Florence had attempted during the week. And at noon, when her charge partook of dinner with even some appearance of relish, Lois came to the conclusion that "de gal aint goin' to act like a fool no longer!"

This day was Sunday. Dick, who during the week had paid his visits only in the evening, came to the house in the afternoon and remained until dark. He got little comfort from his call. He found Florence less depressed in spirits, but he found her likewise less inclined to talk. He referred again to Mayo's sudden and unexpected departure. She listened calmly, and with no manifestation of feeling. This surprised Dick, and he was at a loss whether to construe it as a good or an ill omen. It was not a part of his policy to force Florence into a mere verbal acquiescence in his wishes, but rather to wait patiently until she abandoned all hope of deliverance by any other means, and then to hold before her the one method which should crown his hopes with success. He well knew that it would require patient and prolonged waiting to accomplish this, but he was willing to wait. Finding that Florence was unmoved by the announcement of Mayo's return, he wisely dropped the subject, and for the time being devoted himself simply to a declaration of his love, which he had not neglected to impress upon his fair prisoner at every opportunity presented. She listened to his words as she had on all previous occasions, with a cold disdain that might have chilled a warmer heart than his, had it been a sincerer heart, but which served only to heighten the flame in Dick's breast. So far as he was capable of loving any one besides himself, Delano loved Florence. His love had grown to an intensity of passion—to a mania, that had driven him on to the desperate steps he had taken, and would drive him on till, in some manner, it was requited. It could never cease to exist. With no sense of right or obligation to restrain him, the end might be more desperate even than the beginning.

Something of all this Dick gave Florence to understand. But she did not deign an answer; and after half a day's fruitless attempt at drawing her into conversation, he left the house—not angry, but perplexed.

When he came again on the following night, he found Florence not yet retired. He had intended to broach at once the subject of leaving their present quarters. But the topic was a delicate one; and since the hour had decided that he was to go till the following night, he was glad to put it off till the morrow. Chance had decided that Mr. Dick Delano should not go at all!

Florence was not a little surprised the next morning, on emerging from her sleeping-room, to find Dick at the house. He did not tell her that he had kept there. They seated themselves at the breakfast table together, and partook gingerly of the well-cooked dishes. After the meal was finished—and it was finished as it was began, in silence—Dick plunged boldly into the subject of departure.

"Florence," said he, "we shall leave this place to-night."

The young girl looked up in unfeigned surprise.

"I presume you will not object to the arrangement?"

"Where are you going?" she asked haughtily.

Dick did not answer immediately, because the question was beyond his power to answer. At length he said:

"We are going to more convenient quarters." He did not say more remote, but Florence seemed to catch at this idea, and she replied as though it were understood.

"If we leave here at all, Mr. Kendall—if *I* leave here at all—it will be to return to my father's house!"

The plunge had been made, and there was no retreating for Dick.

"You are able to make the time of that return, Florence, as early as you will. You know the conditions!"

"And if my return rests on those conditions, I shall never return!"

"You speak foolishly there, Florence! Yet I do not hope that your consent will be given thus soon. While you are deliberating on the advisability, therefore, of granting it, and while I am awaiting your final decision, we shall, as I before said, take up our abode in more convenient quarters."

"We shall do nothing of the kind!" cried Florence, her fair face mantling with crimson, and her eyes flashing angrily at the man before her. "You have now my final decision. No lapse of time will change it. I will never marry you, Robert Kendall—never. Come what may, your wife I will not be! And I shall not leave this house until I am freed from your power—until I am restored to my home and friends."

Her full bosom heaved tumultuously, and her lips quivered as she spoke. All the scorn and contempt which she felt for the man before her echoed in her voice, found vent in her words. And yet he sat and gloated over her beauty, and drank in the grandeur of her passion, and heard nothing that she said!

"You forget, Florence, that you are in my power. When I say that we shall go from this place, it matters little whether you desire it or not—we shall go!"

Just then a loud knocking at the door in the front of the house caused the face of Dick Delano to turn suddenly white, and sent a great thrill of hope through the frame of Florence. There followed a moment of silence.

"It is only Rat!" muttered Delano, and the color came back to his cheek.

The knocking was heard again—louder than before.

"Lois!" called Dick.

The negress came out of an adjoining room.

"Open the door, and show the gentleman in. It is a friend of mine."

The negress passed into the hall, and unbarred the door.

CHAPTER XVII.
WHAT CAME OF THE TURN.

When the cab in which Tub Caton was seated reached Rampart street, the detective alighted, and, handing the driver a bill, said:

"I shall want you to-morrow morning at eight o'clock sharp, to take me over to the same place."

"All right, sir," answered the man.

"You may get another turn-out, too, and have 'em both over at Tub Caton's office. You know where that is?"

"I reckon," answered the driver.

"And you'll keep mum about any little job you perform."

"O' course," assented the cabman.

"That's all." And Tub went up the street, whistling an air he had recently heard at the opera.

It was not usually the policy of Tub Caton to defer "nabbing a bird" when the opportunity for performing that operation presented itself. In this particular instance he had thought it wiser, however, to wait until the morrow—fully confident that the bird would not take unto himself wings in the interim. Yet this confidence would have been sadly misplaced, had Rat won on the ace, instead of Dick. And so it was Chance again, in this case, which did something for the shrewd detective.

When he reached his office, Tub sat down to a careful consideration of the course which he should pursue. His first thoughts had been to notify the father of Florence of the discoveries made, and to request that gentleman's attendance at the interesting process of "nabbing the bird." After revolving the matter in his mind, however, Tub concluded that it would not be well for either Mr. Tucker or Frederic Mayo to be present at the "nabbing." He felt quite certain that it would not be well for the "bird," if they were present. The feeling which the artist cherished toward Dick Delano might lead him to the commission of some act of which he would afterward repent. And as desperate measures, even when unavoidable, were not approved of by Tub, he decided to give no occasion for their occurrence. Accordingly, he did not call on Mr. Tucker, but wrote on a slip of paper the following:

"Dick Delano will be arrested to-morrow. Indulge in the brightest hopes you can, for they won't be disappointed! TUB."

This missive he dispatched early on the following morning. As may readily be imagined, it threw the anxious father and the lover into the wildest state of excitement, which grew more intense as the moments glided by, and caused them to start nervously at every sound heard in the street. A dozen times within an hour Mr. Tucker fancied someone was at the door, and Cuff was kept running back and forth so continually, that he remarked to Dinah, during one of the brief intermissions:

"Massa has got suthin in his ear dis mornin', sure!"

Meanwhile, Tub was making ready for his game. The preparations were not extensive. He placed in his pocket a pair of well-polished "bracelets," also a serviceable-looking "barker." Then he called at police headquarters. Two healthy-looking "cops" walked back with him to his office.

"There won't probably be any work, to speak of," explained Tub on the way. "All you'll want to do is keep an open eye on the premises, and carry the bird to the Coop. I've got a couple of rigs, so you can cage him in one, and the young lady can have the other."

They found the "rigs" awaiting them on their arrival. Tub stepped into one, and the officers occupied the other. At a rattling pace the two cabs drove off. Through the city's streets and into the marshy suburbs they went until they stopped on a barren road, where but one, and that a tumbling-down shanty, was visible.

"Here we are!" exclaimed the detective, stepping from the carriage. "Now, boys, one of you plant yourself at the rear of the building, and the other watch that door and window. I'll step inside, and make a little visit, and then we'll all drive back together."

This arrangement was entirely satisfactory to those concerned, unless, possibly, to the gentleman most concerned! His acquiescence was yet to be gained. In order to gain it most fully and most readily, one of the officers proceeded to "plant himself" at the rear of the structure, the other taking up his position in front, and Tub Caton, with one hand on the "bracelets" and the other on the "barker," walked up to the door and gave a vigorous summons with his boot. This was the knocking which had interrupted the conversation in the back room. With less delay than Tub had anticipated, the door swung open.

"Halloo, my Venus!" exclaimed the detective, as he caught sight of the negress, whose ugly features peered from behind the door. "Rather early for visitors, but business pressing!" And without more adieu he stepped into the hall.

"This way, sar," said Lois, moving toward the rear-room. "Massa, he's spectin' you!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Tub. "Well, he won't be disappointed!"

The negress entered the room, with the detective following close after her. Both Dick and Florence had risen from their seats. The face of the one was a trifle pale, the latter stood trembling with hope.

"What is your business here?" demanded Dick.

Tub eyed the villain for a moment with a curious expression on his genial face, and then answered:

"Couldn't you guess, if you tried?"

"I certainly couldn't," answered Dick, with a coolness of manner that surprised himself. "And I should feel obliged to you, if you would state plainly what you want and who you are."

"Well, now, that's good!" exclaimed Tub, helping himself to a seat. "You see, I thought you were expecting me, Dick—that's why I made such an early knew just what I wanted. Sorry to hear you don't—really sorry! Because it's rather delicate work, you see, to state it."

Dick's face grew a shade whiter.

"And you are surprised you don't know me, Dick!" continued the detective. "I'm really surprised! It's awkward for a chap to have to tell who he is, himself. And particularly when you're a sort of conglomeration—that's the word, aint it?—of various people! When you're one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow, while you really don't know what you are. However, my business being of an important nature, Dick, I will tell you who I am to the best of my knowledge! I'm Tub Caton, detective! And what I want is that young lady there, and your precious self."

As he uttered these words, the detective rose to his feet and drew the well-polished "bracelets" from his coat-pocket. What little of color might have remained in the face of Dick Delano vanished instantly as his eyes fell upon these suggestive trinkets. But he did not lose his self-possession. The game was ended; the stake was lost. Could he throw up his hand now, and escape the penalty of the law? That was the most he could do. And to do that, it was worth a mighty effort. The effort he would make.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN INTERESTING FAMILY.

Frank Buckland gives the following biographical notes about young Guy Fawkes, the baby hippopotamus in the London Zoological Garden, and his parents. He writes: "Wednesday, the 5th of November, being the first birthday of little Guy Fawkes, I have called at the gardens to wish the little fellow 'many happy returns of the day.' After he had finished his breakfast, Prescott, the keeper, enticed Guy Fawkes and his mother out of the water. The little one is as tame, playful and docile as a kitten. He made him out to be about six feet four long, and two feet ten at the shoulders. His back is a shaty black color, but his cheeks, chest and legs are of a lovely pink salmon color. We calculated his weight to be nearly one ton, and his mother would make and weigh about three little hippos. She is not deep well, and, besides his natural nourishment, his meals consist of chaff, bran, mangold-wurzel, scalded oats, biscuit and sugar. He is very fond of anything sweet. He has already learned to beg for food; he puts his head out between the bars, opens his mouth and prick up his little ears when he wants to beg. The gape of his mouth is about eighteen inches; he has already a most lovely set of white teeth, and the tusks begin to project out of the pink gums. His mother is very watchful over him, and if she thinks anyone is about to disturb her child, hisses loudly like a big snake. Every morning when it is moist and wet he and his mother are let out into the bath outside; when it is dry and frosty they are kept in the house, as the frost would crack and parch their delicate skins. When in his morning bath he is very playful and plunges about like a porpoise. The pair of hippos sleep on the straw all night, but they spend a great portion of the day in their bath in the house, in a sort of semi-sleep. They flow up to breathe apparently without an effort, like cork rising to the surface. When under water they keep their eyes wide open, after the manner of crocodiles. When the mouth of the young one is wide open, it will be seen that the tongue is arched directly upwards so as to form a complete valve, which prevents the water going down the gullet. The old father in the next den talks to his wife and child by means of sonorous grunting, and they answer him. The father's face is much longer and sharper than that of his wife, and his eyes and nose are much more prominent."

ANTIQUITY OF UMBRELLAS.—Dr. Morrison, the great missionary to China, states that there is mention made of umbrellas and parasols in books printed in China more than 1,500 years ago, and that the most wonderful traveler Layard relates that he discovered on the ruins of Nineveh, in bas relief, a representation of a king in his chariot, with an attendant holding an umbrella over his head. In India we also find the umbrella has been used in remote ages, and principally as an emblem of royalty, its shape differing very little from those in modern use. In Burmah the princes use a very large umbrella, and it requires a separate attendant to carry it, and his position is a recognized one in the royal household. One of the titles of the king is as follows: "King of the white elephant and lord of the twenty-four umbrellas." The emperor of China, who never does anything on a small scale (if he can help it), has no fewer than twenty-four umbrellas carried before him when he goes out hunting. They used in that country as a defense against rain as well as sun, and is principally made of a sort of glazed silk or paper beautifully painted. We find umbrellas mentioned as in use, or at least known, in England 150 years ago. In Cambridge, we read that early in the last century umbrellas were let out on hire for so much per hour like sedan chairs. Jonas Hanway, the founder of a hospital in London, has the credit of being the first man in London who had the courage to carry habitually an umbrella. He died in 1786, and it is said that he carried an umbrella for thirty years; so their introduction for general use may be said to date from 1756.

ANOTHER STOKES CASE.—"Murder is a very serious thing, sir," said an Arkansas Judge to a convicted prisoner. "It is the next thing to stealing a horse or a mule, sir; and I shall send you to the State Prison for six years, sir."

THE WRECK OF THE MEXICO.

[In our history of the yacht race between the American and the English fleet, in this week's number of "Sports of the Olden Time," allusion is made to the loss of the Mexico. In view of the calamity which befell the Ville du Havre, the reproduction of the following poem may not be inappropriate.—ED CLIP.]

'Twas in the morning watch—a cheerless morn—
Keen smote the blast which heralded the day,
When a stout bark, her crew with hardship worn,
Dashed toward her port, with nerve to point the way;
Clear streamed aloft her lantern's signal ray,
But brought, alas! no pilot's friendly hail:
The frequent gust a shower of frozen spray
Swept from the shrouds, encased in icy mail,
And scarce the shivering tars could raise the stiffened sail.

The humble inmates of the crowded berths,
The richer few, who costlier couches prest,
Perchance were dreaming of the cheerful hearths
Where, soon, they hoped for welcome and for rest—
Perchance of home, and those who made it blest:
Long had they seen, with weary eye, the sun
Sink day by day into the landless west,
But now the boon they coveted was won,
The shore they sought was near, their travail well nigh done.

The matron murmured softly, in her sleep,
Of prosperous days, and clasped her infant boy;
The maiden dreamed of one who o'er the deep
Went to seek fame and fortune, and in her joy
Hung round his neck, too happy to be coy:
The husband deemed his toil with riches crowned,
Which titled power could tithe not, nor destroy:
Aerial Hope all eyelids fluttered round,
And beckoned with her wings to Freedom's hallowed ground.

From such blest dreams, if such were theirs, they woke
To all that thought can picture of despair;
High o'er the bark the insatiate ocean broke,
And death was in the paralyzing air:
Oh! when the remnant mercy deigned to spare
Safe from the bulging wreck were seen to glide,
What were the pangs of those left helpless there!
With tossing arms, they thronged the vessel's side,
Shrieking to Heaven for aid, while howling seas replied!

They perished, one by one, that pilgrim crowd—
The silver-haired, the beautiful, the young!
Some were found wrapt as in a crystal shroud
Of waves congealed, that tombed them where they clung;
Some on the strand the sounding breakers flung,
Linked in affection's agonized embrace:
And to the gazer's eye the wave-worn tears sprung,
As by the beach two babes—a group of grace—
Locked in each other's arms, and pillowed face to face.

They rest in earth—the sea's recovered prey—
No tempests now their dreamless sleep assail;
But when to friends and home they fondly gave way,
Some quivering lip shall tell the dismal tale,
From many a home will burst the voice of wail;
But when it ceases, and the tear-drop laves
The cheek, all grief shall, straightway, be prevailing—
Yearnings of love toward those beyond the waves,
Who bore with solemn rites the exiles to their graves.

New York, January, 1837.

THE DRY DIGGINGS.

The Dry Diggings of the South African diamond fields, so called in contradistinction to the diggings upon the banks of the Vaal River, consist of the three camps of Du Tort's Pan, De Beer's Kopje No. 1, and Du Few Pan or De Beer's Kopje No. 2. They are situated in the middle of a vast, treeless plain, covered with Cape heaths and rhinostu bushes, and are about twenty-three miles from Pniel, on the Vaal River, and a few miles nearer to Jacobsdaal, a town in the Orange Free State, in the opposite direction. All this part of the country was known as Waterboer's Territory, so called from the name of a native chief, and was claimed by both the Colonial Government and the Orange Free State upon the discovery of diamonds; but has lately been declared British territory.

In these camps there are all the enterprising individuals in South Africa, and representatives of at least a dozen nationalities may be found there; and the diggings are found to be so superior to those on the river that the latter are now almost deserted, except by a few diggers who are not able to buy a claim in any of the richer localities. The white population principally consists of Englishmen, Americans, and Boers, or South African Dutchmen; but the colored portion of the inhabitants far outnumbers the European. Every digger has three or four Kaffir servants, and some as many as seven or eight; and the new arrivals here represent every tribe within a hundred miles stalking about in all the majesty of barbaric splendor, with brass armlets and anklets, and strings of colored beads, but not much burdened with superfluous clothing.

Although such large numbers of natives of various tribes are found at the diamond fields, between many of whom there exist hereditary feuds, yet they manage to live in a state of amity with each other, and general conflicts are rare, while individual encounters are not more frequent among the colored races than among the Europeans. The most renowned battle which has as yet taken place at the diggings between two adverse tribes was fought towards the latter end of November, 1871, when the combat raged for more than four hours. Several hundred combatants were engaged on each side; and although the clashing of knobkerries could be heard nearly a mile off, and the uproar of shouts and cries was deafening, no one was even seriously injured, much less killed. In fact, in these engagements there is a great deal more noise than execution, and everyone has such a particular regard for his own safety that there is very little risk incurred at all.

The Kaffirs pass the day at work in the claims, with intervals for their frugal meals of "mealie" porridge and sheep's head or entrails, but are careful not to tire themselves by doing too much work; and directly the sun is turned, they lay by, lay down the pickaxe or spade, and, curling themselves up, indulge in a quiet nap. Sometimes, being of a convivial disposition, they will exceed the bounds which prudence dictates, and imbibe as large a quantity of raw spirits in one night as would last a European for a month; but since the law has been established at the fields forbidding canteen proprietors to serve natives with spirits, unless authorized to do so by their masters, these occasions are few and far between.

At night they collect in groups round the camp fires, laughing and talking in the most uproarious manner; then there is none of the grave and stately demeanor of Fenimore Cooper's American Indians about these men; or they will chaunt a humdrum Kaffir romance, all singing at once, the whole time consisting of a repetition of two or three notes, and keeping time by swinging from side to side, making night hideous, and completely scaring off the hyenas and jackals on the outskirts of the camp.

Sometimes, when the subject of their song is a melancholy one, the whole encampment will echo with the dismal sounds of their dirge; and by the pale glimmer of the expiring fires, with their strange gestures and attitudes, they seem like a chorus of misanthropic spirits let loose from the infernal regions to drive away sleep from the eyelids of the tired-out digger.

When a Kaffir has earned sufficient money to purchase a gun—the height of the ambition of all natives—he usually waits for a stormy native cover of the shadow of the night, quite regardless of the fact of his having been bound over to work for perhaps two or three months more. Thus it not unfrequently happens that, upon awaking in the early morning, the digger finds all his Kaffirs are wanting, a notable one continues working his claim, and remains idling about the camp for weeks, or even months, before he can obtain fresh men; as the demand is so great, and the objection on the part of the natives to work at the dry diggings is so general, that nearly every second digger one meets with is on the look-out for laborers.

The Zulu Kaffirs are the most sought after, on account of their superior intelligence and honesty; and if a Zulu pledges his word to remain at work for a certain period of time, one can generally depend upon his doing so; while a Basuto, in fact, drawn up before a magistrate, does not prevent the Kaffirs of other tribes from absconding whenever they think fit. Unfortunately, Zulu land is so far distant from the diamond fields that the men of that race must necessarily be in the minority, and the few that are at the diggings have nearly all been brought up from Natal by their present masters.

The coolness and intrepidity of the Zulu in time of danger are well known; and I had an opportunity of verifying these qualities myself in the following manner: One day, when there were only two Basutos and Zulus who were at work in the claims, and a few hours after the quarrel, when all but one of the Zulus had gone away, seven or eight Basutos approached him with menacing looks and gestures, at the same time indulging in that species of savage oratory of which the vile aim and object is to depreciate the adversary and glorify oneself. The Zulu, a finely built man of some six-and-twenty years, was seated on a boulder of rock at the edge of a deep claim; and, although he was perfectly aware of the presence and intentions of his opponents, he seemed to be quite unconscious of their vicinity, and remained lounging on the rock, lazily swinging his legs, and humming a monotonous Kaffir ditty. Besides being opposed to overwhelming numbers, he was without weapons of any description; while the Basutos had their knob-kerries, and one of their number was armed with a pickaxe.

The Basutos formed a semicircle round their intended victim, and commenced a kind of harangue; as soon as one man had finished speaking, another taking the floor. This speech-making lasted some ten minutes, and was evidently intended to intimidate the Zulu, as the orations consisted of a repetition of threats of what they were going to do, and how it would be told in the Basuto kraals that their brave warriors had slain the Zulu cur like a rat in a hole, with more bragadocia of the same description. They then finished up with a string of opprobrious epithets, to none of which their foe vouchsafed so much as a glance in reply.

The Zulu had remained in the same impassive attitude, and with the same nonchalant bearing, during the whole of this bombastic speechifying; but when it was finished, and one of the Basutos made a step towards him with uplifted kerry, his manner underwent a striking change. With the swiftness of an arrow he sprang to his feet, and snatching up a heavy stone from the ground, he struck his adversary with it full in the face. The Basuto reeled backwards, and, throwing up his arms in a vain effort to save himself, fell headlong into a claim thirty feet deep. Two of his comrades looked over after him; but seeing the was beyond their assistance, his neck being broken, they brandished their weapons, and with cries of vengeance advanced to the attack.

There could have been but one termination to the conflict, as there were now six or seven men to the one Zulu; when, fortunately for the latter, a party of diggers, who had been watching the whole affair from a little distance, suddenly took it into their heads to interfere, and soon put the Basutos to flight by a smart application of the flat part of their spades, thus leaving the Zulu in the possession of the field.

Whatever squabbles the natives may indulge in amongst themselves, they never venture to attack a European in the day-time; though, of course, it is scarcely safe to wander far away from the camp at night, as the temptation to plunder would in all probability be too great for their strength of mind to resist. However, an armed man may come and go as he lists, at any hour of the day and night, without being molested, as the Kaffirs have a wholesome dread of a revolver, and, being very indifferent marksmen themselves, look upon the superior skill of the whites with great awe.

I remember upon one occasion, when walking at night from Pniel to the New Rush, a distance of twenty-three miles, at a bend of the road near the Portuguese ruins, I came upon a party of ten or twelve Korannas sitting round a fire built under the shelter of a camel-thorn bush. The Korannas are the most treacherous and thievish in disposition of all of the tribes near the diamond fields, and are, moreover, notorious for their cruelty; and as I was some six or seven miles distant from the nearest habitation, and nearly all the Koranras were armed, I felt that I might have been in a safer situation. As I drew nearer to their fire, three or four men rose lazily to their feet, and, swinging their knobkerries carelessly about, sauntered along the road towards me.

When they were about ten paces distant, and I stood in the full glare of the fire, I unfastened the solitary button which held my coat across my breast, and let it flap back, displaying a formidable-looking revolver, with its row of glistening copper caps, and a long bowie-knife in my belt. The hint was sufficient for them; they strolled back to their fire, and threw themselves on the ground beside it; while I passed on, and in a few minutes was buried once more in the darkness of the night, which seemed the more intense by comparison with the light I had just passed.

Looking back, I could see the fitful gleam of the firelight, and the dark figures of the Koranras moving in front of it, while every now and then I would stop to listen, fancying I could hear the cat-like tread of one of them close behind me, and expecting to feel the downward blow of a kerry every instant. But I saw them no more, and before long another turn in the road hid their fire from sight.

Although but little baggage is required for a man proceeding to the diamond fields, still all the articles necessary for working are of such an awkward and cumbersome description as to make transportation a matter of some difficulty, unless the would-be digger owns a wagon, or sends his impedimenta by the goods-transport wagons, which take a month or six weeks on the road before arriving at their destination.

The usual outfit consists of a square tent, a folding bedstead, pots, pans and kettles, spades, pickaxes, sieves and zinc buckets, to which are sometimes added a pair of mules and a light cart, these being a good source of income by being employed in carting away soil at prices varying from two to five shillings per load, according to the distance of the digger's sorting table from the kopje.

As nearly all the necessaries of digger life can now be purchased at the New Rush, Du Tort's Pan, Pniel or Klipdrift, it is by far the best plan to wait till one has arrived at the actual spot for work before investing in tent, tools, etc.; for although the prices are higher at the New Rush than at Cape Town, yet the expense of transporting baggage by wagon some eight hundred miles for a single party is so great as to counterbalance any saving that might be made.

With the ordinary digger, tables, chairs, and such luxuries are, generally speaking, dispensed with; and sometimes the bed also is regarded as a useless encumbrance, the digger rolling himself in his blankets and sleeping on the bare earth. Provisions, water, and drinkables of every description can now be obtained without difficulty in the numerous dining-saloons, of such varied and diverse character, that one can always find a restaurant suited to one's peculiar taste, and thus is able to avoid the discomfort and trouble of cooking in the tent.

The following extract from a digger's diary may be taken as affording a description of average life at the diamond fields:

"Monday.—Went to the claim at 6 A. M.; worked with the pickaxe. Breakfasted. Sorted at the table for the rest of the day—'lickered.'

"Tuesday.—Sent the niggers to the claim at daybreak. Ate H——; he has found a twenty-carat stone; we 'lickered.' Very hot day, thermometer 115 deg. Fahrenheit; lime dust very annoying today. In the afternoon found a small stone, off-colored—lickered the find. A mule and cart fell into the claim a little while I was filling.

"Wednesday.—Eyes very weak and sore, from the effects of the lime dust yesterday. Broke a piece of hardened lime near my tent, and found a five-carat stone; stood licker all round. Heard that G—— died yesterday of fever.

"Thursday.—Found nothing: lickered for luck. A party of three diggers near me found a fifty-four carat stone, very bad color and cracked; they all lickered, and, in rolling about on the ground when drunk, the stone was broken in pieces—rather hard lines. N. B.—Sometimes a bad diamond, if much flawed, will break to pieces if touched.

"Friday.—No luck. Lickered all day. A man fell into a claim in No. 6 road, and broke his neck. Great cheering.

"Saturday.—Frightfully close day; did not go to the claim, but sent the niggers, who found a splint. Purchased a sweepstakes, in the shape of a new tent, my tent swamped, and everything wet through. A tent near me struck by lightning, but no one hurt.

"Sunday.—Washed my clothes for next week. Lickered. Nothing doing in the camp."

It will be seen above that "lickered" forms a very considerable item in each week's expenditure; and, in fact, it is the custom to drink whenever one meets a friend or finds a diamond; and if nothing has been found, one drinks for luck. One constantly sees drunken men reeling about the camp, or lying bare-headed on the ground under a burning sun; and, as the result of drinking so much execrable wine and spirit before and after working in the heat of the day, scores of men succumb to exposure, fever, and sunstroke, who would otherwise, in all probability, have remained in good health.

The cooking arrangements, or affairs, the canteen keepers are the individuals into whose pockets most of the digger's hard-earned cash finds its way; and it is a common saying that "Cape smoke"—a villainous compound of alcohol, yelept brandy—kills more men than all the diseases put together.

The amounts of illness caused by the fine dust, which is always floating about in the air, and which on windy days becomes almost unbearable, is surprising; and even when unaccompanied by sickness, it is very annoying. It not only covers one with a layer of lime, but penetrates everywhere, even into the eyes, so that nearly all watches are spoiled after their owners have been a day or two in the fields.

This dust settles in and round the eyes, and causes them to become inflamed; then myriads of flies, which have been swarming on the putrid carcases round the camp, settle on them, poisoning the eyes, and causing many people to lose their sight for a time, and some permanently. The consequence of breathing so much lime into the lungs is that inflammation sets in, and the result is frequently fatal. In a post-mortem examination which I saw performed on four men, the whole of the lungs and organs of the chest were covered with lime, which had literally eaten into the flesh.

Doubtless with skilful doctors many cases which now terminate fatally would have a different ending; but most of the so-called doctors at the diamond fields are men who, not having sufficient capital to buy a claim or set up a store, practice medicine according to their own ideas, without any knowledge of physic, and consequently kill nearly all their unfortunate patients.

In the closely packed city of tents, in the middle of the hot and dusty plain, human life is thought but little of; and everybody is so intent upon pushing on in the race for wealth that no one has time to spend in thinking about or alleviating the sufferings of his fellow-diggers, who may perhaps be languishing in the last stage of illness in the very next tent, without means to purchase the commonest necessaries of life, abandoned by their Kaffirs, with no one to watch or tend them. And many are the unfortunates who, having been allured from their homes by the fables of marvelous wealth easily obtained, perish from neglect and starvation, separated only by a few strips of dirty canvas from the noisy, bustling world around them.

I was walking along one of the roads between the claims at the New Rush, one excessively sultry afternoon, with difficulty pushing my way through the crowd of dusty men and carts which encumbered the narrow and uneven road, when I was startled by a noise like the firing of a pistol close to me, and, looking over in the direction of the sound, I was horrified by the sight of a tremendous mass of earth and stones, forming the side of several claims, and weighing several hundred tons, sliding down upon a party of natives at work beneath.

The whole landslip was but the work of a few seconds. With a terrific roar and crash, the earth fell in, burying under its enormous weight two Kaffirs, who, seeing their impending fate, had vainly endeavored to escape. A crowd of diggers gathered on the scene of the accident, laughing at three other natives who, more fortunate than their companions, had escaped comparatively unhurt, and who, mad with terror, were trying to scale the perpendicular face of the opposite side of the claim.

No one offered to exhume the men buried in the ruins of the claim.

"It's none of our business; what does it matter, two niggers more or less?"

Some of the spectators amused themselves by chaffing and pitching pebbles down on the terrified Kaffirs, who were trying to climb up, screaming with laughter whenever they succeeded in reaching, and fell down, bruised, to the bottom of the claim.

This was no unusual sight at the diggings. Familiarity with death makes men callous; and in a few minutes the crowd had dispersed and almost forgotten the incident, only to collect again whenever any fresh diversion should take place somewhere else.

It is perhaps only fair to say that it is only the rougher class of Boer diggers who treat and regard their native servants as something below a horse or a dog, and who set no more value on their lives than on that of one of their own sheep. They seemed to be quite unconscious of their venality, and remained lounging on the rock, lazily swinging his legs, and humming a monotonous Kaffir ditty. Besides being opposed to overwhelming numbers, he was without weapons of any description; while the Basutos had their knob-kerries, and one of their number was armed with a pickaxe.

The Basutos formed a semicircle round their intended victim, and commenced a kind of harangue; as soon as one man had finished speaking, another taking the floor. This speech-making lasted some ten minutes, and was evidently intended to intimidate the Zulu, as the orations consisted of a repetition of threats of what they were going to do, and how it would be told in the Basuto kraals that their brave warriors had slain the Zulu cur like a rat in a hole, with more bragadocia of the same description. They then finished up with a string of opprobrious epithets, to none of which their foe vouchsafed so much as a glance in reply.

The Zulu had remained in the same impassive attitude, and with the same nonchalant bearing, during the whole of this bombastic speechifying; but when it was finished, and one of the Basutos made a step towards him with uplifted kerry, his manner underwent a striking change. With the swiftness of an arrow he sprang to his feet, and snatching up a heavy stone from the ground, he struck his adversary with it full in the face. The Basuto reeled backwards, and, throwing up his arms in a vain effort to save himself, fell headlong into a claim thirty feet deep. Two of his comrades looked over after him; but seeing the was beyond their assistance, his neck being broken, they brandished their weapons, and with cries of vengeance advanced to the attack.

There could have been but one termination to the conflict, as there were now six or seven men to the one Zulu; when, fortunately for the latter, a party of diggers, who had been watching the whole affair from a little distance, suddenly took it into their heads to interfere, and soon put the Basutos to flight by a smart application of the flat part of their spades, thus leaving the Zulu in the possession of the field.

Whatever squabbles the natives may indulge in amongst themselves, they never venture to attack a European in the day-time; though, of course, it is scarc

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

A FEW MORE "SQUEALS."

Our contributor Arthur W. French, whose ballads have added so much to the interest of this department of THE CLIPPER, sends to us the following desultory "Squeals," to which we invite the reader's attention:

At this season of the year it is impossible to pass through the streets at night, without running into a fiddler.

Will the young man who sends so much poetry to this office oblige us by getting a job in a powder mill?

With what sweet satisfaction does a man listen to a boy drawing a baseball bat across his new picket-fence!

It is reported that Dave Wilson's "More Fish" gag is to be placed in the museum of ancient arts.

We have not seen a fifty-cent stamp in so long a time that a man actually shoved off a liniment label on us yesterday.

A young lady entered one of our music-stores the other day, and in a sweet voice inquired "Have you When I Swallow Home-made *Pies*?"

A man next door to our house brought home a new drum to his boy last week. Through the mercy of Providence and a bad trigger on our gun, that boy still lives.

One of the saddest sights in this world is to see a young man put his hand in his vest-pocket and find nothing but an unpaid board-bill and a couple of keno buttons.

Now is the Winter of our discontent, made a darned sight worse by the presence of a persistent mat-agent.

A consumptive-looking individual, with a patent penholder for sale, is doing his share towards wearing out our front stairs.

Those youths who roam the streets at midnight, howling a "Starry Night for a Ramble," will have "a starry night for a tumble" if the cops get hold of them.

THE CURLER'S SONG.

BY THE LATE NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

A' nicht it was freezin', a nicht I was sneezin',
"Tak' care, my wyfe," quo' the wyse, "gudeman o' yer cough;"
A fig for the sneezin'! hurrah for the freezin'!
This day we're to play the Bonspiel on the loch!
Then get up, my auld leddy, the breakfast get ready,
For the sun on the snawdrift's beginnin' to blink.
Gie me bannocks or brochan, I'm aff for the lochan,
To mak' the stanes flee to the tee o' the rink!
Chorus.—Then hurrah for the curlin' frae Girvin to Stirlin'!
Hurrah for the lads o' the beesom and stane!
"Ready now?" "Soop it up!" "Clap a guard!"
"Steady noo!"
Oh! curlin' aboon every game stan's alane!

The ice it is splendid, it canna be mended—
Like a plaisure ye may glower on't and shave off yer beard!
And see how they geather, comin' owre the brown heather,
The auld man and master, the tenant and laird!
There's brave Jamie Fairlie, he's there late an' early,
Better curlers than him or Tam Conn canna be,
Wi' the lade frae Kilwinnin' they'll send the stanes spinnin',
Wi' a *whirr* and a *curr* till they sit fourin' the tee.
Chorus.—Then hurrah, etc.

It's an uncolike story that baith Whig and Tory
Maun aye collyshangle like dogs owre a bane;
An' a' denominations are wantin' in patience,
For nae Kirk will thole to let others alane.
But in fine frosty weather the auld an' the gaither,
Wi' a broom in their hand and a stane by the tee,
And, then, by my certes, ye'll see hoo a' parties
Like brithers will love, and like brithers agree!
Chorus.—Then hurrah, etc.

MINSTRELSY AND THE DRAMA IN SCOTLAND.

Some time ago we published a programme of an entertainment given in Glasgow, Scotland, by the first band of ever organized. Herewith we present a second programme of a year or two later date, when the party were in Glasgow, Scotland, but not in Germon. Scotland is not in the troupe, but Sweeny the banjo-player was added. The mixed entertainment was given in conjunction with a comedy performed by the dramatic company of the theatre, in which the lad G. W. Brooke assumed the part of both sexes, the whole forming a very attractive bill of fare.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.
Benefit and last appearance of
THE VIRGINIA MINSTRELS.

Messrs. R. W. Pelham, D. D. Emmit, F. M. Brower, in conjunction with Mr. J. W. Sweeny, the original banjo-player, and the first who ever brought that instrument before the public; on which occasion they will bring out two new pieces never played in Glasgow. First and only night of Mr. R. W. Pelham.

MASQUERADE BALL, OR TICKETS ON TICK.
Sambo Hit-'em-Hard, a Negro Doorkeeper.....W. R. Pelham.
First and only night of Mr. F. W. Brower's
VIRGINIA MUMMY.
Ginger Blue.....Mr. F. M. Brower.
THE VIRGINIA MINSTRELS in several new songs and dances. This present
FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1844,
will be presented (first time at this theatre) the excellent comedy of
WONDER A WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET.

DON FELIX.....G. V. BROOKE
Don Frederick...Mr. Bedford | Vasques.....Mr. Gould
Col. Bertram...Mr. J. Grey | Sanche.....Mr. Williams
Gibby, his Scotch servant.....Mr. Medregor | Violante.....Miss E. Marie Durex
Lissardo.....Mr. Melbourne | Isabella.....Miss E. Cruise
Alquasil.....Mr. Stewart | Inis.....Miss Bronsdorph
Don Pedro.....Mr. Wilkins | Flora.....Mrs. Raymond
Don Pedro.....Mr. Boddie

After which the Virginia Minstrels will portray, through the medium of songs, dances, lectures, refrains, sayings and doings, the oddities, peculiarities, eccentricities, whimsicalities and comicalities of that sable genus of humanity. Each performer plays on an instrument such as the slaves use on the plantations in the Southern part of the United States. R. W. Pelham, tambourine; D. D. Emmit, violin; J. W. Sweeny, banjo; and F. M. Brower, castanets, forming a complete band of negro music, and showing a true copy of negro life. Their songs are all new and set to the most precious gems of negro melody. The dances of Pelham and Brower are such as the slaves dance on their holiday feasts and in gathering in the cotton and sugar crops, entitled
CORN-HUSKING JIG AND MARRIAGE FESTIVAL DANCE.

NOTE.—Not a trace or shade of vulgarity is mixed in with this truly original attempt at introducing a new and better school of negro-life. There is nothing that can offend in the least degree the most fastidious taste.

A NEW SONG.....MISS M. GLOVER
After which (first time), Mr. W. R. Pelham's
MASQUERADE BALL, OR TICKETS ON TICK.
Sambo Hit-'Em-Hard, a negro doorkeeper.....W. R. Pelham
Richard III.....Mr. Wilkins | Billy Black.....Mr. Williams
Hamlet.....Mr. Bedford | Othello.....Mr. Gould
Ophelia.....Miss Connor | Manager of the Ball.....
William, the Black-eyed Susan.....Mr. Bedford
Country Johnny.....Mr. Connor | Demon of the Desert.....
Damon.....Mr. Drake | Mr. Freeman
Molly Maloney.....Mr. McGregor | Jack Sheppard.....Mrs. Drake
Sir John Falstaff.....Mr. Masterman | Lady Macbeth.....
Dancing Sayadores.....Mrs. De Bourgh
Bleeding Nun.....Mrs. Bransdorph
Opera-dancers, Misses Lovegrove, Conner, Bronsdorph and Mrs. Lovegrove.
Spruce Pink and his Love.....Mr. Emmit and Mrs. Wood
Joe Break-'Em-All, the Virginia Paganini.....J. W. Sweeny

The whole to conclude with the excellent farce (written expressly for the purpose of illustrating the American negro character) entitled
THE VIRGINIA MUMMY.
Ginger Blue, a regular Virginia nigger, with the usual characteristics of his race, and an uncommon love of wittles.....Mr. F. M. Brower
Capt. Rifle.....Mr. Bedford | Jim.....Mr. Gould
Dr. Galen.....Mr. Boddie | Walter.....Mr. Drake
Charles.....Mr. Freeman | Lucy.....Miss E. Cruise
O'Leary.....Mr. Stewart | Susan.....Miss Bronsdorph
Schoolmaster.....Mr. Williams

Sole proprietor, Mr. David Prince Miller; acting and stage manager, Mr. F. Raymond; deputy stage-manager and prompter, Mr. Wilkins.

To-morrow, the interesting tragedy of ADELGITHA, OR THE FRUITS OF A SINGLE ERROR. Lothair by MR. G. V. BROOKE; with a new and original selection of American sayings, dolings, singings, instrumental performances and peculiarities, by the Virginia Minstrels, and positively the only evening the citizens of Glasgow can have an opportunity of witnessing their original collections; concluding with a laughable afterpiece. MR. LLOYD of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, is engaged for a limited period, and will appear on Monday in two characters. After which, MR. PELHAM, the neatest and best dancer living, will, on this occasion, appear in several of his new songs and dances. MR. D. D. EMMITT, the celebrated banjoist and composer of negro music, will also sing a number of his original songs, with banjo variations, in conjunction with that fascinating hero oh de banjo artist'ic lee, Mr. R. W. Pelham, who in de science oh de heel to de music oh de old banjo, making a grand display oh de heel-and-toe caperbilities, surprising de little feet oh de earth-dem oh all fresh-water performers. Den kums de neber-to-be-forgotten and unkonkerable jig, by R. W. Pelham, which has exterminated, laid on de shelf, and driven into retirement all de oder heelologists in de East, West, North and South. Still a set oh double-shuffles, Long Island troubles, heel-and-toe tormenters, and dandy-nigger flourishes, you nebber did see! verifying de truth in de words ob Charley Dickens, when he sez: "De right leg, de left leg, de hind leg, and all de odder legs will be brought to bear on dat 'ticular 'casion." Music on de banjo by D. D. Emmit. So clare de track and let genus perspire.

CARLINE.

DEDICATED TO BOBBY NEWCOMB.

The violets shed their fragrance rare,
The roses were in bloom,
The buttercups and daisies fair
Exuded sweet perfume—
The swad was bright in summer dress
Of loveliest shades of green—
All Nature smiled with happiness,
Likewise did sweet Carline.

Chorus.—Carline, Carline, my beautiful, my queen!
In truth you are the prettiest girl that I have ever seen.

Carline was gay and bright and fair,
As any flower that shed
Its fragrance on the desert air,
Or o'er some garden bed.
And she was my "particular star,
Of purest, serene,"
No thought of mine could ever mar
The joy of sweet Carline.

Chorus.—Carline, Carline, etc.

Would that our lives might ever be
One long, long Summer day;
Would that our eyes may never see
Our warm love slow decay.
Ah, no! Such love can never die
As fades the meadows green.
My heart will ever constant cry,
My own! my sweet Carline!

Chorus.—Carline, Carline, etc.
R. MACKAY.

AN ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

For the appended novelty we are indebted to Mr. Geo. Ware, who recently arrived in this country. The composition is certainly a curiosity, combining as it does an acrostic and an enigma:

T here's a letter in THE CLIPPER that you'll never find in
clip;
H itherto found in a journey, but never in a trip;
E very house you'll find it in, but never in a cot;
R or in it found in China, but always in teapot;
E ven children find it in their names, but it's never in a
child;
W ith the gentle you will find it, but never in the mild;
Y ou will find it in the soldier, but it's never seen in
wars—
O ur glorious stripes have got it, though it is not in the
stars.
R emember 'tis in power, but never seen in might;
K ind friends, 'tis twice in evening, but not once seen in
night;
C ube hasn't got it, nor is it found in Spain;
L ook for it in America, and there you'll see it plain;
I find it is in liberty, but not in tyranny—
P oor Cuba she will get it when she gains her liberty.
P erhaps e'er this your own good sense has found it out;
E xcuse me, though, if you are still in doubt—
R ead it again, and then you'll see it is the single letter *E*.

THE CIRCUS IN CALIFORNIA.

"Ah, you should have been in California in '49, me boy!" Just so; but as we could not be there during that precious season, we will present a bill of a circus performance in San Francisco in 1850. In previous issues we have refered to the entertainments given there and in Australia by Mr. Rowe, the pioneer circus manager of those places. Mr. Wm. Griffiths kindly contributes this relic:

OLYMPIC CIRCUS.
Montgomery, between Sacramento and California streets.
Sole Proprietor and Manager.....Mr. J. A. Rowe
Clown.....Mr. George W. Moore
Ring Master.....Mr. Walter Howard
FRIDAY EVENING, SEPT. 6, 1850.
The evening's entertainment will commence with a
GRAND IRISH ENTREE.
To be followed by the favorite horse
ADONIS, IN A DANCE.
omic Song.....Fairchild
Mr. HOWARD will then represent the
SPANISH REAPER.
r. ROWE will then introduce the sagacious horse
Adonis in the much-admired scene of
THE INDIAN HUNTER.
In which this celebrated horse stands unrivaled.
aster RAFAEL will then perform a DARING ACT on
is favorite steed Othello, introducing many New Feats.
Intermission of 15 Minutes.
fter which Mr. HUBBELL will appear in his Feats of
Strength.
PULL AGAINST TWO HORSES.
And also break a 9 inch rope.
Mr. ROWE in the thrilling scene of
THE GREEK WARRIER DEFENDING THE CROSS,
OR THE SEPARATION OF WIFE AND CHILD.
Song.....Mr. .....Mr. Fairchild
The whole to conclude with—for the first time here—the very laughable farce of
WILLIAM BUTTON'S UNFORTUNATE JOURNEY TO BRADFORD.
Doors of Admission—Pit, $1.00; Boxes, $2.00; Private Boxes, $4.00. Doors open at half past seven, performance to commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets can be obtained at the Box Office from 10 A. M. till 12 M., and from 3 to 5 P. M. Efficient officers will be in attendance to keep good order. No smoking allowed.

THE GIRLS WE LOVE THE BEST.

SONG AND CHORUS.

The miser drinks to golden hoards
As he counts them o'er and o'er,
And holds that while his stores increase
Life has no pleasure more;
The sailor toasts his bonny bark,
And thinks his lot is blest,
But be it ours to pledge to-night
The girls we love the best!
Chorus.—Then let a merry chime ring out
From rim of every glass,
And drink a health with three times three
To each one's chosen lass.

The soldier's pride is in his sword,
He hails it as his bride,
And sares his kisses for his steel—
He knows no joy beside;
The poet drinks the Muses Nine,
And cheers them with a zest,
But let our toast, when e'er we toast,
Be the girls we love the best!
Chorus.—Then let a merry chime ring out, etc.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE OLD TREMONT THEATRE, BOSTON, MASS.

We present a bill of the Old Tremont Theatre, Boston, Mass., during its last season, that of 1842-3. J. S. Jones, now residing in Boston and practising the profession of medicine, which he subsequently studied, was the lessee and manager. He was a good actor and a successful dramatic author. Among those of his works which are best known may be mentioned "The People's Lawyer," in which John E. Owens made his great success as Solon Shingle, and under which title it is now performed; "The Surgeon of Paris," "The Carpenter of Rouen" and "The Silver Spoon," made highly popular in Boston, Mass., by the excellent and artistic acting of William Warren as Jefferson Scattering Batkins, the member from Cranberry Centre. It will be noticed that the prices were very cheap. During the season of 1839-40 Mr. Jones, then the lessee, attempted to reduce the prices, which were then $1 to the boxes and proportionately to the other portions of the house; but the proprietors would not consent, and Mr. Jones closed the theatre with considerable loss. During the following season the prices were reduced, and it was found that with half the prices, with less attendance and expense, the attendance was greater in proportion, and the receipts of money nearly as great as with full prices. As the closing scenes of the Old Tremont were very interesting, we republish the following account thereof from W. W. Clapp's *Record of the Boston Stage*:

"In the month of June, 1843, on the 23d, President Tyler visited Boston, to attend the ceremonies attending the completion of Bunker Hill Monument, when Webster delivered the oration. The theatre that week was thronged with strangers, and a performance was given on Saturday evening (an unusual thing in Boston) to accommodate the hundreds that were here from the country. The proprietors having concluded the sale of the theatre to Rev. Mr. Colver's Baptist Society, the last night's performances were announced for the benefit of the manager, J. S. Jones, June 23, 1843, when 'The Poor Gentleman,' by two dances by Fanny Jones, and 'A Lover by Proxy,' filled up the bill of entertainment. At the close of the acting, the entire dramatic persone, consisting of nearly twenty individuals, male and female, advanced towards the footlights, arranged in crescent form, and executed a charming Scotch air with much effect, accompanied with obvious strong emotion, as taken in their professions to the community that had bestowed on their efforts its long-sustaining rays of patronage. Loud and repeated huzzas, with constant waving of hats and handkerchiefs, followed the dance, which was succeeded by a spontaneous call from the whole audience for Mr. Jones. In compliance with it, in a moment or two he appeared before his patrons and addressed them in a very appropriate manner. During the delivery of his manner indicated deep feeling, oppressed with heartfelt regret, in contemplating the change that was about to take place in that temple of the muses. The edifice was raised and dedicated to illustrate the histrionic art. It was adapted to such purpose, and to no other properly. It could have been conducted in that manner which would have fully carried out its tasteful and public-spirited founders. It had been the resort of the elite, the refined, the respectable, the talented of both sexes and all the ranks. He thanked these classes for their support during his management. The doctrine had been industriously circulated that the drama was on the decline; but this was not so, as when he had engaged considerable attraction the house was not near large enough to admit the throng that endeavored to press within its walls. It could have been altered to have answered this object, and then it would have been profitable to all parties interested. If ever there was a time for a manager to make a speech, this was the time. But he was unused to public speaking, though if it were otherwise he should not enlarge on the causes which will transform the theatre into another institution. He could do so, and show that they did not originate so much in a desire for private and selfish good as the unworthy motives to subserve the base designs of aversion and bigotry. Yet he forebore. The truth would hereafter appear. In conclusion, he thanked the audience for their uniform kindness, and respectfully and sincerely bade them farewell. His remarks were continually interrupted by enthusiastic acquiescence.

"The next speaker called for was Boston's favorite son, Mr. John Gilbert. He came forward and spoke some minutes, expressing the same views as those of Mr. Jones in reference to the drama and the attractions which would take place on that stage. The house was the appropriate place for his profession, and for nothing else. It was built at great expense for that object, and should be devoted to it. There were defects in the drama, but they could be removed by judicious management, and all its objectionable traits effaced, whereby the most scrupulously fastidious might be satisfied that is was a good institution and be induced to patronize it. He was a Boston boy, and he felt for the honor of the place of his nativity in the prospect of his fellow-citizens permitting the drama, which was one of the instruments of social refinement and mental cultivation, to go down in darkness. No one regretted the aspect of gloom that hung round the destiny more than Mr. Gilbert, who had been associated in this city with this house from the moment it was built. Yet he would not despair. There was a redeeming spirit in his fellow-citizens. He could not bring himself to believe they would allow such a result; and, therefore, he would not take the last leave of them, but merely bid them good-night. He bowed and retired amidst constant cheering.

"A call was then made on Mr. J. M. Field, but he did not appear. Mr. Blake [the late William Rufus], of another establishment, here rose in the proscenium-box and stated that sixteen years ago, on the opening of the Tremont Theatre, he delivered the introductory address upon its boards; and now, by a singular novel occurrence, he found himself placed in a position where, perhaps, he might utter the last words within its walls in its behalf. He would embrace that fortunate opportunity. He then went into a defense of the drama, considered and answered the principal objections to it in a able manner; showed they were unsound, and the offspring of ignorance and prejudice, combined with the cant of the day. He proved that this institution had been in ancient days, and it and will continue to be in coming generations, the handmaid of mental and moral improvement. It always had been attacked by fanaticism, without sound reason. Its use was one thing; its abuse another, and a very different thing. For that it should not be condemned. Religion itself had been abused. He respected true piety, but not that assumed sanctity which had assailed the drama, and to which this institution might be sacrificed. The test of virtue was found in acts, not words. By this rule, he was perfectly willing to institute a comparison between the lives of actors and actresses and those religious zealots who believed themselves to be alone righteous, and despised others, the members of his profession. In the hour of affliction, at the bedside of the sick and the dying, he had often witnessed the conduct of the two parties. He had seen the actress smooth the pillow, administer the medical drug and speak words of consolation or the inspiring patient when the assumed pious fled from the contagion of the fatal disease; he had witnessed the burial by actors when even ministers shrank from the performance of their duty. Such scenes were frequent among his profession, and he submitted which had the best claim to be called Christians. The sketches of benevolence the speaker drew were touching, and listened to with silent attention, and at the end applauded with hearty feeling. Previous to leaving the house the audience gave one enthusiastic cheers, and separated with manifest regret that this cherished institution, the work of their fathers, an ornament and a boast of the metropolis, should be converted from its original intention of its builders. The theatre had been opened forty-two weeks. The expenses of the stock company for thirty weeks were $900 per week, and a reduction was then made for the remaining twelve weeks, which averaged $700, making, with the amount paid to stars, $15,096.02, the gross sum of $50,496.02. The largest receipt any one night was $734.37, and the gross receipts for the season were $47,525.25, leaving the deficiency of about three thousand dollars. Such was the result of the last theatrical season at the Tremont Theatre.

"On the evening of June 26, the learned blacksmith, Elihu Burritt, delivered a lecture in the theatre, the neit proceeds of which went towards defraying the cost of the alterations of it into a church, which was done at an expense of about $25,000. A portion of the building was arranged for stores, offices; and the large hall, used on Sunday as a place of worship, was, week days and evenings, let for miscellaneous meetings, political caucuses, concerts, lectures, etc., and the name of the 'Tremont Temple' was given to the edifice. The Mercantile Library Association here held their popular series of lectures, and Webster, Choate and Everett poured forth their eloquence to delighted audiences within its walls. It was here that Fanny Kemble, Kate Hayes and others charmed enthusiastic auditories; and it was here, also, that Gliddon discovered the sex of Anch-pa-mach, to the astonishment of those who witnessed the unrobing of the mummy. In short, the edifice narrowly escaped destruction by fire, which originated in the basement; and it was finally destroyed by fire on the morning of Wednesday, March 31, 1852. At this conflagration, Mr. John Hall, a carpenter, lost his life, and George Estee, a fireman, was injured for life. The total loss of property was very large, as the building was occupied by artists, dentists, etc., whose actual loss could not be ascertained. Mr. Thomas Thompson, a gentleman of this city, had in the attic a large number of valuable paintings and statues, all of which were destroyed. The fire likewise communicated to Chapman Hall and other adjacent buildings, which were destroyed. The proprietors soon determined to rebuild the Temple, and a large and beautiful edifice, containing a fine music hall, now occupies the site where formerly stood the Tremont Theatre."

TREMONT THEATRE.

PRICES—Boxes, 50 cents; Pit, 25 cents; Proscenium Boxes, $1; Third Tier, 37½ cents; Gallery, 12½ cents.
J. S. JONES.....Sole Lessee and Manager
BENEFIT OF MR. GEORGE VANDENHOFF.
And positively his last appearance in Boston.
MR. GEO. VANDENHOFF as Claude Melnotte and Rob Roy.
MISS CLARENDON as Pauline Deschappelles.
MISS MARY ANN LEE in a popular Dance.
Time at Interval—Doors open at 6 o'clock. Performance will commence at half-past 6 o'clock precisely.
THIS EVENING, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 30, 1842,
Will be repeated (by desire) the popular Play by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, in 5 acts, entitled
THE LADY OF LYONS, OR LOVE AND PRIDE!

Claude Melnotte.....	Mr. Geo. Vandenhoff
Col. (afterwards Gen.).....	Mr. G. Howard
Damas.....	Mr. Gilbert
Beauseant.....	Ayling
Glavis.....	Leman
Mons. Deschappelles.....	Mrs. Gilbert
Landlord.....	Huntley
Widow Melnotte.....	Senson
Maj. Desmoulins.....	Haynes
Mrs. J. Greene	
Capt. Gervaise.....	Mullikin
Janet.....	Miss Parker
Pauline.....	Miss Clarendon
Marian.....	Mrs. Pink
A favorite Dance from the Ballet of LA SYLPHIDE, by	Miss Clarendon
MISS MARY ANN LEE.	

To conclude with the favorite Scotch Drama (founded on Sir Walter Scott's novel) called
ROB ROY, OR AULD LANG SYNE.

Rob Roy, first time in Boston.....	Mr. Geo. Vandenhoff
Rashleigh Osbaldistone.....	Saunders Wilkinson..... Ring
Mr. Ayling	Host..... Mullikin
Francis Osbaldistone.....	Grant
G. Howard	Waiter..... Pratt
Baillie Nicol Jarvie.....	Chapman
Sergeant.....	Barnes
Sir Frederick Vernon.....	Haynes
Corporal.....	Irwin
McStuart.....	Senson
Capt. Thornton.....	Leman
Hamish.....	Miss F. Jones
Owen.....	Huntley
Robert.....	Miss Clement
Dougal.....	J. Greene
Helen McGregor.....	Ring
Andrew Fairservice.....	Thomas
Maj. Galbraith.....	Comer
Diana Vernon.....	Miss McBride
With the Song of 'A Famous Man was Robin Hood.'	Miss Ayling
Mattie.....	Martha..... Miss Parker
Jean McAlpin.....	Miss Derby

Thursday—BENEFIT OF MISS CLARENDON and her last appearance.

A new Farce, in 1 act, "THE CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE," by the author of "London Assurance," is in rehearsal.

The public is respectfully informed that, since the opening of the theatre, the artist and machinists have been engaged upon the appointments of a New Drama in 4 acts, which will be produced in a style of grandeur and spectacle unequaled in Boston.

STAGE-MANAGER.....MR. GILBERT.

Mr. Vandenhoff commenced a star engagement on Nov. 15, which terminated with the performances the bill of which we publish. Miss Clarendon was a novice who had made her first appearance on the stage of the Park Theatre, New York, on April 17, 1841, acting Mariana in "The Wife," by Inchbald, in "Revels of the *New York Sunday*," says of her: She "as far as an interesting personal appearance was concerned, afforded great satisfaction; but as an actress, her ambition o'erleaped itself. . . . The next season, when cast for Grace Harkaway, in the first performance of 'London Assurance,' the audience so loudly demanded a change that she was withdrawn after a few nights' performances, and another lady substituted." She did not continue in the profession for a long time. Miss Mary Ann Lee was a native of Philadelphia, and a very popular dancer. She appeared in the principal cities of America and Europe. Mr. John Gilbert is now a member of the company at Wallack's Theatre. William L. Ayling died of consumption in Boston, Mass., Sept. 15, 1857. Walter Leman is a member of the company at the California Theatre, San Francisco, Cal. John Huntley died in this city April 2, 1870. J. H. Ring is now acting at the Boston Museum. Thomas Comer died in Boston July 27, 1862. John Greene died at Memphis, Tenn., May 28, 1860. Mrs. John Gilbert died in this city April 27, 1866. Mrs. John Greene died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 19, 1862. Miss Jane Parker, we believe, is still living in Boston. Mrs. H. Cramer died at Morrisania, N. Y., May 30, 1868. Miss McBride died in Boston in June, 1846. Mrs. Ayling is still living, and pursuing her profession in the New England circuit.

BILLIARDS.

GARNIER VANQUISHES DION.
Drawing-room Billiards and a Resultant Average of Ten—The End of Cushions, and a Lesson to American Players.

Right royally indeed did Albert Garnier defeat Cyrille Dion on the night of Dec. 2. The year 1873 has been Garnier's, and doubtless some two or three years yet to come will also be his, now that professional billiards in this country has been reduced to what for twenty years it has been in France—to a game without headwork—to a quartet of strokes, viz., "draws," "follows," *massers* and "spreads"—to a game played on tables so diminutive that cushions are almost a superfluity except for position play. As the table is large or small, the balls and other implements being equal, so is billiards difficult or simple; and, even omitting its larger variety of strokes, the English game, tame and slow as it seems to an American or a Frenchman, is more difficult than any other. Next to that comes the American game on a 6x12 table; and perhaps simplest of all is the three-ball, which, when the table is a small 5x10 or a 4½x9, can be almost played throughout without resorting to other than four kinds of stroke—"follow," "spread," "draw," *masser*. But it is not so played except by Frenchmen, who have all their lives been playing with comparatively a gross size of balls (2 5-16ths inches in diameter) upon tables less than ten feet in length. Tuesday night's game will serve as a fair illustration. While Dion, true to habit—the result of a system imposed by the 6x12 table in use in Canada during his youth—was relying upon the cushions for the bulk of his caroms, Garnier, whose small-table schooling had exempted him from including cushion caroms in his studies, and who in that match succeeded only in exhibiting his weakness with regard to them whenever he attempted to play one, walked through his 600 points without caroming a dozen times off cushions, if we except those shots in which the balls were left in baulk upon terming "banks," when properly a "bank" is impossible in the French game. It is with Garnier as with Carme and Rudolphe. When they came to this country, not one of the three could with any certainty play a shot of compound angles, unless the ball to be hammered upon was supposed to lie in a corner; and all three—but Rudolphe less than either of the others, because he in his travels in England had fallen foul of 6x12 tables—are weak in this respect yet.

We have dwelt upon this subject because the game of Dec. 2 was a most important one, noteworthy only for the difference in tactics between the two men. The aggressive tactics of the French and American schools differ widely, and the schools also differ widely in defensive tactics. In fact, the French school has no defensive tactics, for an all-sufficient reason; and Garnier's score walked through those 600 points with but ever playing a stroke for safety, the result of his drawing-room billiards being an average on his part of ten points to the run, and of upwards of eight points on Dion's. The old rule of American practice in the three-ball game—"always play to leave your antagonists a ball between your own and the ball"—was a good rule in the days of 6x12 tables here, and is a good enough rule in England to-day. But it will not work on bagatelle tables. It is nonsense for experts of the grade of Garnier and Dion to fritter away time in the scientific manipulation of a table so restricted in size that the striker, standing at one end of it, can almost touch the farther cushion with his cue. Aside from the futility of hoping to "leave the balls safe" upon such players as Garnier and Dion, except in the extraordinary emergency of the next striker's ball being in the middle of the table, and the red in the diagonal corner, strategy is apt to be ruinous to him who attempts it on so small a table, as it will cripple his own game more than that of his antagonist, provided the latter can take things philosophically, and not of the stuff of which auger is readily bored, as the *masser* stroke and the "draw shot" are both comparatively unappreciable quantities on a 6x12 table, so "safety play," unless it can develop weakness of temperament in an antagonist, is powder more than wasted on the 5x10 table; and the sooner the fact is recognized by players who have accustomed from a 6x12 table, and the sooner they forget all they ever knew about compound-cushion caroms and long-distance shots, the sooner will they master the petty but peculiar billiards of the 5x10 table with its three gross 2⅛ balls. The contrast between Dion and Garnier on Tuesday night "buttons on the string" when the game is over, as of styles enforced by early practice upon widely different tables. Both are great players in their individual schools. Let the two encounter each other on a 5x10 table, no cushion shot to count, and Garnier could not discount Dion. Let them play on a 6x12 table, nothing but compound-cushion caroms to count, and Dion could the more readily discount Garnier. The *masser* and the kindred strokes in which Garnier excels require a nicer touch; while the cushion caroms, and the fine cuts by which Dion shirks the *masser*, call for keener eyesight and closer mental calculation. It is manual dexterity vs. brains and optic power. Garnier *massers* and "draws" and "spreads," not because those strokes are more difficult, in the long run, than the cushion caroms and by-fine cuts, but because his schooling has accustomed him to them, and not to the cushions; and Dion clings to his cushion-playing because of having been schooled on a table so large as to render impossible more than twenty per cent. of direct caroms.

The foregoing thoughts are suggestive. American players have in their vanity been entrapped into abandoning not only their game, but also their table. French players have from time to time visited England; but the English players, seemingly more jealous of their reputations, have given away nothing, have resisted all encroachments, and are to-day as before, champions of the identical game from which the French, simplifying it by successive stages, have concocted theirs. But American players are to-day champions of no kind of billiards whatever, and their services are not in demand except for mere manual labor in some billiard-room, and at starving wages at that. The French player who toiled from 9 A. M. until 12 at midnight in a Parisian *cafe* for ten francs a day is now he're, salting away his fifty and his one hundred dollars per week. Had not the American player broken up his game—or rather had not the billiard-table manufacturing interests, which in the past eight years have changed the American billiard table no less than tour times, encouraged him to forswear his four-ball game—the foreign experts who have come here would now be back in France; or, if here, pretty good billiard-players, but not at the head of the heap, nor the virtual monopolists of all the exhibition-playing in our public rooms. Carme and Rudolph were unable to make much headway in the States, because American players declined to feed them by playing them at the French game, and the result was that they long ago got out of the country. But the past six months, by superseding the four-ball game through officially introducing the seven-up table, have stripped American players of the only leg they had to stand upon. They must now give up their cushion caroms and address themselves wholly to massers, draws, and spreads. This will take time, and meanwhile the success of Garnier and Dissay at the three-ball game, both in tournaments and exhibitions, should attract other experts from France, where the woods is full of players who have devoted their lives to the peculiarities of the petite carom table. This is bad weather for American billiard-players, only two of whom, Maurice Daly and Joseph Slosson, have any prospect of a show within a twelvemonth; and these two young players owe that prospect of a show to the fact that neither is in any large sense a cushion-caromer, having begun to play just at about the time the 5½x11 table was going out of date, thus saving a good deal of time as to that size, and stopping the 6x12 altogether. It is only a question of time when both these young experts will fetch, but it will not be next year.

There is nothing much to be said of the Garnier-Dion game that the tabular score does not say. It was at no time close, and there was not a exciting feature about it. After the seventh inning, Garnier took the lead, and was never really approached, although Dion, in the 48th, 49th and 50th innings, came within 33 of him by running 44, 61, and 10, only to be put back once by a run of 29 on the part of Garnier, who in nine additional innings finished 120 ahead. The attendance was not large, nor even as profitable as it looked. The night was inclement, and yet not sufficiently so to deter a larger attendance of ladies than usual. There was no enthusiasm, although almost everybody had backed Garnier to win, and at no time did it look severely as though almost everybody was to be disappointed. Under such circumstances, betting was of course below par. One gentleman wagered six dollars or a hat that Garnier, towards the middle of the game, would run at least 25 points every time he came to the table. The gentleman did not deserve to lose that wager, but he lost it nevertheless. Early in the game, when both did their worst playing, and Dion was in the harder luck, he had the sympathies of many of the spectators, and this feeling of consideration was intensified when, having an easy shot—this is never done when a difficult shot presents itself—he proceeded to disrobe himself even of his suspenders, as if meaning business. Mattie Hewins of Hartford was umpire for Dion, Ebenezer Francis, Jr., of Newark, N. J., acted for Garnier, Chris. O'Connor was referee, and George Stone marked the game. A splendid Collender table occupied an almost central position, the arrangements were faultless, outside of the box-office everybody's face was aglow with satisfaction, there was general congratulation that the initial contest for the challenge cup had been so well attended in view of the tightness of the money market, Dion accepted defeat graciously and resigned his $1,000 without a murmur, Garnier pocketed the $2,000 stake as complacently as though he had never for a moment doubted that it was ultimately to become his prey, and ten minutes after the match his place of business was so jammed by congratulatory people that not even a small boy could have squeezed inside. Score:

Garnier.				Dion.			
Inn.	*Runs.*	*Total.*	*Runs.*	*Total.*	*Inn.*	*Runs.*	*Total.*
1	3	3	0	0	31	6	254
2	2	5	1	1	32	1	255
3	0	5	2	3	33	40	295
4	2	7	0	3	34	0	295
5	4	11	17	20	35	1	296
6	8	19	0	20	36	27	323
7	2	21	0	20	37	4	327
8	15	36	2	22	38	20	347
9	27	63	1	23	39	2	349
10	4	67	1	24	40	0	349
11	0	67	1	25	41	16	365
12	34	101	3	28	42	39	404
13	5	106	0	28	43	19	423
14	3	109	61	89	44	2	425
15	0	109	64	153	45	2	427
16	0	109	22	175	46	4	431
17	0	109	2	177	47	1	432
18	1	110	0	177	48	0	432
19	28	138	14	191	49	5	441
20	1	139	0	191	50	7	448
21	0	139	0	191	51	59	507
22	0	139	8	199	52	0	507
23	3	142	6	205	53	2	509
24	68	210	1	206	54	0	509
25	12	222	20	226	55	1	510
26	11	233	9	235	56	1	511
27	4	237	0	235	57	13	524
28	0	237	0	235	58	8	532
29	2	239	57	292	59	3	535
30	1	240	2	294	60	67	602

SUMMARY.—First match for the challenge cup (and also announced as for the championship of the world at the three-ball game and $1,000 a side), Albert Garnier vs. Cyrille Dion, both of New York. Played with 2⅛th balls on a 5x10 carom table. Score—Garnier, 600; Dion, 480. Referee—Garnier. Time, 6h; Dion, 6

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business allowed for the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

LADIES' LIST.

Ayling, Mrs.
Alexander, Sara
Akers, Minnie C. (2)
Arnoldi, Mazora
Burdeaux, Mrs. Jane
Bates, Marie
Berger, Annie
Burton, Mrs. Clarence (2)
Breyer, Mary A.
Barretta, Mlle.
Cooke, Ellen
Carter, Mrs. (ventriloquiste)
Cole, Mrs. Jennie
Coventry, Julia S.
Coleman Sisters (2)
Caldwell, Alice (2)
Caldwell, Mrs.
Cleveland, Nellie (2)
Cerito, Mlle.
Crosbie, Tessie
De Bar, Blanche
Donaldson, Virginia
Duane, Fanny
Drury, Nellie
Dearee, Annie
Delmay, Lulu
Delmar, Lottie
Edwin, Lisa (2)
Eberts, Jennie
Fielding, Maggie
Freeman Sisters
Foster, Annie
Goodall, Rosa
Herring, Fannie
Hall, Lillie
Hoyard, Victoria (vocalist) 3c.
Heron, Matilda
Haines, Carrie
Hayes, Emma J.
Howitt, Belle
Hermens, Mlle. (2)
Jannaschek, Mad.
Kruger, Mrs. Elise (2)
Leoline, Mlle.
Lambla, Hattie L.
Lang, Ione
Lane, Annie E.
Moran, Musette (8)
McGill, Sadie
Moore, Margarette B.
Moore, Mrs. Laura
Marlowe, Mabella
Myers, Flora
Mitchell, Maggie
McLean, Mrs. C. H.
Neville, Emma J.
Praegue, Adelheid
Patton, Maggie
Pearl, Amy L. (2)
Phillips, Isabella
Rosa, Patti (3)
Raymond, Kate
Richards, Pauline
Ravel, Mrs. Chas. W.
Sarony, Nellie
Sebastian, Mabella
St. Leon, Maude
St. Leon, Miss (prima donna)
Sharpe, Dollie
Schofield, Imogene
Stanley, Blanche
Stanley, Kittie
Saphore, Mrs. Hattie
Saronie, Mrs. Hattie
Tannehill, Mrs. Nellie
Tureka, Miss E. M.
Turnour, Hepsey
Wallace Sisters
Williams, Belle
Washburn, Emma (2) 10c.
Wallace, Agnes
Welch, Mrs. Fayette (2)
Weber, Lisa
Wyndham, Alice
Zitella, Mad.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Ashcroft, Billy
Atwood, Capt. J. H
Atkins, Willie A. (3)
Aymar, Wm.
Austin, Mike
Arnold, O. T.
Alexander, Jas.
Avery, S. H. N.
Abbott, John W.
Aymar, Jr., W. F.
Adams, Charlie (of Adams Bros.)
Alonzo, Delo
Airy, Edward (3)
Austin, Mike
Brink, Edwin
Baker, Joseph
Bageley, Geo.
Baker, E. E.
Baldwin, Sam. S.
Bowen, Ben F.
Brayton, Frank G.
Barnum, P. T.
Boyd, Charlie (3)
Budd, Jake
Bindley, Prof.
Burk, Sergt. J. E. (2)
Breslin, C. B.
Buckley, Geo.
Swine Blaker, Clarence E.
Burke, John M.
Bearb, Geo.
Barry, Jr., Frank
Brent, Wm. H.
Beckett, Barry
Buckler, Harry
Batcheler, Wm.
Corbyn, Harry W.
Clarke, Jas. to make
Cook, Jos. H.
Cotton, Jr., Ben
Clark, Dan.
Christie, Chas.
Casino & Searles
Cogill, Chas. W.
Carson, Chas. A.
Campbell, Prof. H. J.
Cornforth, Harry
Chappelle, Frank
Corbah, Tim
Cole, W. W.
Counoit, A. C.
Carpenter, Mr. (of Theatre of Arts)
Cresswell, J. S.
Clarke, Kit
Collier, John
Coupe, Wm.
Coleman, Edward
Curtis, M. B.
Carner, John W. (2)
Coburn, Frank
Coburn, Dan
Dawson, H. A.
Donelle, L. J.
Downie, John
Davis, Lewis
Denier, John
Durand, W. W.
Dyrnie
De Vere, Chas. N
Dobson, F. F.
Downey, Johnny
Dobson, Chas. E.
Dixon, Thos. S.
Davis, Chas.
Du Haven, Ed.
Ellis, H. W. (of Shepherd Com. Co.)
Emerson, Johnny H. (2)
Eunice, Wm.
Eckert, Prof. John (2)
Eaton, Prof. E. K.
Eddy, Clinton
Emerson, Fred
Emmett, J. K. Jr.
Eakin, Joseph S.
Foster, Chas.
Farron, T. J. (of Baker & Farron)
Forrest, Dr. Dram. Co., N. C.
Fox, Master Willie
Forrest Bros. &c.
Fitch, John A.
Foley, Chas.
Freeman, C. K.
Frank, Tony
Forepaugh, Adam
Franklin, W. H. (2)
Fisher, Pete &c.
Forbes, Chas.
Florence, Wood (2)
Fox, Joe (minstrel)
Farron, T. J.
Fulton, Edward
Fulton, Private with Lent)
Fleming, Wm. J.
Franklin, John C.
Griffiths, Edwin G.
Griffin, Wm. (musician
Guiderseve, John
Gaylord, Joe
Giles & Pullman 3c.
Huntley, J. H.
Hanley, M. W.
Harris, C. Joe
Haverley, J. H.
Hall, Edmund H.
Harris, Fred D.
Hodges, Thos.
Howard, D. P.
Harrington, Prof. W. L.
Herman, Prof. (leader)
Harris, C. J.
Hickey, Johnny (2)
Hughes, Harry (2)
Hughes Andy
Hogan, J. (of Hogan & Hughes)
Hicks, Chas. H.
Hutchings, Sami.
Hardenbrook, Dr. J. A.
Howard, Charlie
Harrington, Prof. (ventriloquist)
Huntley, Geo. W.
Harris, Billy
Henri, Hi
Haverley's Minstrels
Jones, Arnold
Jefferson, T. H.
Johnny, Master (with Chas. Gardner)
Kneibb, Geo.
Klaried, Oscar
Kruger, Col.
Kaquea K.
Kelly, P. F. (2)
Kidder, E. E.
Kelly, John T.
Leland, Matt
La Rue, D. C.
Lusbie, Ben
Lindsay, Adolph
Lanning, Wm. S.
Laverlee, John S.
Lavitt, M. B.
Lasnby, Wm. M.
Long T. B.
Le Clair, Shed
Lyons, Geo.
Lester, Chas.
Le Clair, John
Lewis, Master L.
McHugh, Wm. H.
McDonald, Geo. F.
Maeder, Frank C.
Mathews, C. C.
Mandrews, J. W.
Maeder, Fred. G.
Milton, J. Vincent
Mack, Wm. H.
Martyne, F. L.
Marks, L. F.
Mackey, Jas. F.
Mstkiff, Geo.
Moore, Little Eddie
Mooney, J. H.
Murray, John H.
McEroy, Frank
Mink, Capt. Theo.
Manager "O"
McLear's Aggregation
Miles, Col. Carter
Melville, W. F. (2)
Mack, Harry
Mortimer, Geo.
McIntyre, Jas.
Melville, Chas. (2)
Manager "Z" (2)
Neidlich, Chas. E.
Neary, Jas.
Norton, Jr. (Juggler)
Nichols, Prof.
Nesbit, Joseph
Omshundro, John
Osborn, Geo. B. (2)
Phillips, Sam
Pepper, Prof. J. W.
Plunkett, Sr., Chas.
Primrose, Geo.
Pullman Bros. (2)
Potter, C. A.
Queen, Montgomery
Robbins, Hiram (author)
Rivers, Frank
Robinson, Prof. Jas. S.
Rampson, Jos.
Rogers, Nat.
Raymond, Ned
Robertson, Alex. (musician)
Roberts, N. D.
Rustez, Horace
Rice, Col. J.
"Roller Skates" (2)
Rooney, Frank
Ray, Billy
"Richards" (2)
Robinson's Minstrels, Harry (2)
Rae, Geo.
Russell, Sol S.
Saville, Stephen
Waddler, Chas.
Sweet, O. P.
Sorlie, A. (musician)
Steere, L. M. W.
Snow, Dan J.
Stanley, Ernest
Smith & Waldron
Sherry, Jas. F.
Sanger, Chas. H.
Stocking, Frank D.
Sullivan, Billy
Schoolcraft, Luke
Speck, W. J.
Smith, Dunk (with Duprez)
St. George, Billy
Schwartz, Alonzo
Sanford & Weaver
Stubbs, Stokes
Shay, Charlie (2)
Seeley, Chas. 16c.
Stetson, Harry R.
Talbot, H.
Townsend Family
Turnour, Alfred
Toomey, W. F.
Turner, John
Unknown
The Great (3) 6c.
Van Horn, L. N. (2)
Ventini, Mons.
Vincent, Jas. (comedian)
Vigiard, Albert
Vine, Chas.
Von Brun, Hugo
Victorelli, John
Wells, W. H.
Webster, Chas.
White, Cool
Unsworth, Mr. & Mrs. W.
Wayne, Burt
Worrell, Wm.
Wood, Harry
West, Frank B. (2)
Willis, Herr
Walker, Lazar
Walhalla, John 10c.
Washburn, E. S. (5)
Wentworth, Bob
Woodward, J. C.
Wilder, J. W.
Wood, Frank
West, Alban S.
Wilson, Geo. E.
Williams, H. A. B.
Wilkie, Arthur J. (agent)
Wallace, Jake
Warren, Geo.
Warner, J. E.
Walsh, Jno. (musician)
Young, Charlie (song-and-dance)
Yaner, Charlie 3c.
Yonker, Chas.
Marion Zeigling, Senior
Zeigling, Senior, Chas. (2)

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Dec. 8, '73.

Trade has something like an upward look. The streets of New York—which have presented, comparatively, an almost deserted aspect since the financial storm set in—begin to assume more of an old-time appearance, heavily-loaded trucks and carts of merchandise helping to make things look more lively and encouraging. The approach of the holidays will aid in the revival, for already we see signs of the outpouring of those cheerful and cautious bodies who turn out early and often in order to secure bargains before the great holiday-rush begins. The shop-windows are gorgeous in colors and rich in the material which so delights the eye and reduces the account in bank. Altogether, the outlook, in a general sense, is brighter than it has been for some time. "Great reduction in prices," "closing out below cost," "bargains at panic prices," etc., are legends which lure many a hidden dollar from the receptacles that shall know it no more forever. In many instances they are but the wary devices of the "sharp" tradesman, who, by these lying announcements, is enabled to work off his old and perishing stock.....In amusements, we regret that we cannot give assurance of an early resumption of old-time successes. Here and there a fair business is being done, but the "bulk of trade" is against he producer. Every day some "one more unfortunate" drops into the metropolis to narrate how the "Great Original Extract de Hippolits" has come to an untimely end, and that he alone is left to tell the tale. Occasionally, a solitary horseman may be seen urging his fatnished steed along some sequestred vale, while the remnant of his company, in a distant hostelrie, await his return with the funds that shall make free men of them once more. But, alas! they ne'er shall see him more. Gone into Winter quarters for repairs, he thinks not of the dramatis personæ he has left behind, nor of the shrunken strength of the company which is growing weaker and weaker every day by outraged hopes and cruel disappointments. In the city an artificiality has been given to business by the opening of a new theatre, and by two or three revivals of the spectacular. Being fresh and inviting, they draw their supplies from the many houses whose bills of the play are stale, flat and unprofitable to their patrons. The city is not overrun with strangers—the hotels are not staggering under an avalanche of custom—the denizens from abroad" are not overloaded with ducats—and everything and everybody seems to be taking soundings before venturing beyond the depths. One theatre, Booth's, is reported to have been sold, with a mortgage of nearly half a million of dollars recorded against it. Another, the Lyceum, has been in Queer street for the want of the right man to manage it. With a number of other houses the fixtures are sadly out of joint, and it is only by the liberal dispensation of free admissions that their auditoriums are enabled to make any kind of a respectable show. Critics in the interest of such houses crowd them night after night, in their papers but the managers cannot see it when they come to look over the receipts, which "breathe the word of promise to the ear, but break it to the hope."..... A man who can bring peace and harmony to the domestic circle, where discord and fighting have always held sway, is deserving of a monument of gold with hands, eternal in the skies." Such a man is Anthony Paster, Esq., proprietor of Tony Pastor's Opera-house. By a single coup de théatre he has leveled all distinctions, reconciled all conflicting family interests, and brought order out of chaos. "How has Antonimus done this marvelous thing, my liege?" We will tell thee anon. In all well or ill regulated families there is a mother-in-law—seldom two, because a duality of evil spirits would bring destruction upon the unhappy family ere a week had elapsed. One mother-in-law is plenty as many as a well-balanced domestic fireside can survive under. This solitary mother-in-law, with very few exceptions, keeps things moving, keeps everybody in an excited state of mind, and is ever on the rampage. Of course, she is left to work out her own salvation as best she may. Heretofore, no one has been able to manage her; she walked over the course without opposition, happy in the knowledge that what was making everybody miserable—setting husband against wife, sister against brother, and children against parents. There seemed to be no escape from this female vampire, except to follow Gen. Dix's wise admonition, and shoot her on the spot. This, while being justified by common law, might result, through a packed jury of mother-in-laws, in the conviction and imprisonment of the shooter. In such a moment, when hope was hoping against hope, Mr. Pastor calmly surveyed the situation, soothingly examined the refractory patient, formed his diagnosis, and set to work to effect a cure. "But he didn't do it, though, did he?" If we be telling this story, peace must reign; otherwise, go on, thou. "Prithee, proceed, good Mister Man; heed not these idle interruptions, which are but the outcroppings of a diseased intellect, the result of too much mother-in-law. In sooth, we cry you mercy." To effect this cure, Doctor Pastorius kindly invited families to bring their mothers-in-law to his theatre every Friday evening, without charge! It was a case of "no cure, no pay." Mothers-in-law hailed this new redemptorist as the exponent of a higher law, as the embodiment of a living principle. Families worshipped him as another Moses, and matrimonial candidates approached the abyss without fear, without hesitation. And now, on every Friday evening, the house of Doctor Pastorius is filled with happy families—husbands and wives and mothers-in-law may be seen joyously blending together as a comfortable entirety of human felicity—children view the great show in delight, and no one to make them afraid. At home, all is joy and gladness—no quarreling, no fighting, no jealousies. The mother-in-law has become "an object of interest," and a new order of things reigns. Let other cities emulate this noble example, and ere long the whole human family will be basking in the sunlight of love and peace.....Men are getting to be a little too peert in these days of free-and-easy-isms. At the church, they ridicule the preacher; at the theatre, they guy the actor; and at the variety hall, they leer at and make fun of the girls. But virtue and justice are always sure to triumph in the end, and it is very pleasing to us to have it in our power to state that, recently, a song-and-dance lady got back on a man in such a way as he will never forget. It was in Troy, as the story goes, that an impudent coxcomb, seated on a chair right close to the stage, guyed and otherwise annoyed a song-and-dance lady then going through her little buz., until she could endure his persecutions no longer. Then she deliberately danced along until she came in front of the degraded fiend, when suddenly she raised her right foot, swung it around in a beautiful pose, and *kicked his eye out!* From this action we may deduce a lesson fraught with all the sweet attributes of our humanity. The wretch who pays his half dollar or dollar to witness an entertainment does not purchase the right to annoy and abuse a virtuous dancer who is compelled to appear on the public stage in order that her decrepit old mother may not starve to death in a back attic. Hereafter men will be a little more cautious how they subject themselves to such summary and terrible punishment:

LINES ON THE GIRL WHO KICKS.

O friends, draw near, and you shall hear
How a maid her honor saved,
From a villain, masked in mildness,
Who her favors nightly craved.
She was dovely, she was lovely,
Free from guile, and stain, and sin;
He was arrogant and "sassy,"
But she got the best of him.

Every night he sought the sprite he
Burned so fiercely to possess;
But she never deigned to bless him
With a smile of tenderness.
Oh, but she was, more than he was,
Keen of eye, and deft of foot;
With a grace, and form, and lace, and
She wore a thick-soled "seven" boot.

Gored to vengeance by the hengeance*
Put upon him by this girl,
Vows of madness, in his badness,
Breathed this knavish, vicious churl;
She kept on dancing, kept on prancing,
Through her many special acts,
Heeding not his fears nor cares,
What we tell you now are facts.

Grawn still bolder, then he told her
That her dancing was a fraud;
In a moment, rage did fomens
In her breast so fair and proud.
With head aloft, she very softly
Danced until him she had got nigh on,
Then out she kicked his dexter pintle—
Now her charms he goes one eye on.

Oh, all you curs, who revile herst
Whom misery haunts in this sad age,
Take warning from this blue-eyed maiden,
And don't you get too near the stage.

.....Daly's new theatre was opened according to announcement; but, as we feared, the new play has proved to be a mis-"Fortune," and the best suggestion we have to make is that Daly and all bury Alberry and his play in one grave together.....They have now got him in Massachusetts, the blue-laws against all kinds of amusement, and in a late sermon declared that "all physical exertion promotive of enjoyment is delesterious." Managers in want of a pious side-show curiosity, take notice.....The man who laughs" in the wrong place has at last come to grief, and we do not regret it. Whenever we have been, in whatever place of amusement we have flopped down for an evening's enjoyment, this out-of-place laughing-head was always sure to put in an appearance. We have set detectives on his track to see if he wasn't a counterfeiter; we have put private jobs to get him immersed in some vile prison-cell; we have tried to get him subpœnaed as a reliable witness in the Stokes case, in hopes that he would run away; we have tried to merge him into the Ingersoll and Tweed ring. But all to no purpose—he laughed our little games to scorn, and scoffed at our friendly advances. In an evil moment he was induced to take Horace Greeley's advice, and "go West." True to his moral instincts, just as soon as he got out there he went to a theatre, and laughed right out at a very pathetic fainting scene. The outraged audience rose at him, hustled him out of the house, and we have a thin rail dumped him into a pool of stagnant water. This *was* a suitable place for the man to laugh, but he did not. He cursed, and now sues the town for $25,000 damages. We expect to have the pleasure soon of hearing of his having been hung as a horse thief. "To what base uses we may come at last!".....Justice is a little one-sided, after all. While punishing Tweed, Ingersoll and others for running a *single* ring, it permits Barnum to manage a double Ring right in our midst.....Some papers are congratulating the management of Offolio's because it has seen the end of "The Crook" theme. And yet Fred Vokes is about to show us some of the most crooked business ever seen there.....Late decisions in the Courts should induce professional people to use a little caution in making contracts. If matters go on as they have been going, performers hereafter will not be engaged for any particular line of business but, owing to a declining market, will be compelled to accept engagements to make themselves generally useful, or be thrown out altogether. In the event of no war with Cuba, we should like to see a fratricidal emeute between managers and people. Because of a lack of the flimsy, is a talented performer to be ground down by the iron heel of managerial tyranny? Are there no rights of the people that managers should be compelled to respect? Do managers desire to put our histrionic talents on a level with Chinese cheap labor? Let them answer!.....Pause! Which party, manager or performer?" Either; we have thrown out the suggestion merely. Let those act who have an interest in the matter.....Italian opera and "The Black Crook" went out together on Saturday last.

There is a void in our midst—a void of unintelligible noise, a void of those scenic splendors which "The Crook" has kept before us so long, and avoid long waits between acts. This last is supposed to have a jocular bearing; but "Our Jim," on whom we put it in silence, just as if he had been responding to a toast to the Fatherland of his Country; though the boy could never understand the reports in the papers of banquets and such things, when they said "drunk standing." Most of 'em that he knows of have been "drunk, lying."..... Josh Billings delivers his lecture on "Butts and the Beests" to-night. We congratulate our friends on having an opportunity to see and hear this wild-animal owner. He is one of the oldest menagerie proprietors extant, and when he stirs up his beasts you will be surprised at his power over the animal creation. The report that he entered the den of lions in Noah's menagerie is not fortified by facts. "Our Jim" has little faith in Billings as a show actor. He spells and reads well enough, the boy is willing to admit; but as an animalist, he is not much of a scholar. We once knew a man—*Voice from the composing room.*—"Can't take no more copy—we're all full."] ("That's so."—OUR JIM.]

CITY SUMMARY.

EPH HORN, Sophie Worrell, Irene Worrell, and Harry Pratt in their various specialties enlivened the past week's programme at the Theatre Comique, where an excellent business was done. Eph Horn in Ethiopian character related a number of anecdotes, which were liberally interlarded with quaint sayings and sparkling with wit. His imitation of a Pansy-Gage on a mimic moonlight as it falls On painted grottos on stiff canvas walls, And sigh, "My angel! What a life of bliss The two could live in such a world as this!" Here shall the wind prune the silken wings of jet, Forests ablaze and rivers all on fire— The scenes dissolved, the shriveling curtain fell— Art spread her wings and sighed a long farewell!

Mourn o'er the players' melancholy plight— Falstaff in tears, Othello deadly white— Poor Romeo reckoning what his doublet cost, And Juliet sighing for her dresses lost— Their wardrobes burned, their salaries all undrawn, Their cues cut short, their occupation gone!

"Lie there in dust," the red-winged demon cried, "Wreck of the lordly city's hope and pride!" Silent they stand, and stare with vacant gaze, While o'er the embers leaps the fitful blaze; When, lo! a hand, before the startled train, Writes in the ashes: "It shall rise again— Rise until from its elemental foes!"— The word was spoken, and the walls arose, And ere the seasons round their brief career The new born temple waits the unborn year.

Ours was a life of many a weary day Your smiles, your plaudits only can repay; We are the monarchs of the painted scenes, You, you alone are the real kings and queens; Lords of the kingdom where we meet, We lay our gilded sceptres at your feet; Place in your grasp our portal's silvered keys With one brief utterance—"YOKES." We have tried to please," Tell us, ye sovereigns of the new drama, Are you content—or have we toiled in vain?

With no irreverent glances look around The realm of fancy that this is haunted ground! Here stalks the sorcerer, here the fairies trip, Here limps the witch with malice-working lips, Here the ghosts their snowy arms entwine, Here dwell the fairest sisters of the Nine— She who with jocund voice and twinkling eye Laughs at the brood of follies as they fly; She of the mournful lip and dim eye bowl, Whose charming horrors thrill the trembling soul; She who, a truant from celestial spheres, In mortal guise doth dance now and then appears, Stealing the fairest earthly shapes she can— Sontag or Nilsson, Lind or Malibran; With these the spangled hour of the dance— What shall so dangerous a sister say? A glance. As poised in air she spurns the earth below, And points aloft her heavenly-minded toe!

What were our life, with all its rents and seams, Stripped of its purple robes, its aching dreams? The stern's the bright romancer's magic page, The lizard shows that chest is on the stage, Lead all our fancies captive at their will; Three years or threescore, we are often still. The little listener on his father's knee, With wide-eyed wonder, hears the stormy sea, With Gotham's sages hears Jonathan roll, (Illustrious trio of the venturous bowl) Too madly reckless of the future days, To see their offspring in the centre, to permit Miss Fanny Morant to advance to the footlights. She met with a most cordial reception, and as soon as quiet reigned she commenced the recital of the following opening address from the pen of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes:

Hang out our banners on the stately tower!
It dawns at last—the long-expected hour!
The stern is climbed, the star-lit summit won,
The builder's task—the artist's labor done;
Before the finished work the herald sinds,
And asks the verdict of your lips and hands!

Shall rosy daybreak make us all forget
The golden sunset that yester evening set?
Fair was the fabric doomed to pass away
Ere the last headaches born of New Year's Day.
With vanishing breath the fierce destroyer came
And wrapped the victim in his robes of flame;
The pictured sky with redder morning blushed,
With scorching streams the naiad's fountain gushed,
With kindling curtains glowed the funeral pyre,
Forests ablaze and rivers all on fire—
The scenes dissolved, the shriveling curtain fell—
Art spread her wings and sighed a long farewell!

Mourn o'er the players' melancholy plight—
Falstaff in tears, Othello deadly white—
Poor Romeo reckoning what his doublet cost,
And Juliet sighing for her dresses lost—
Their wardrobes burned, their salaries all undrawn,
Their cues cut short, their occupation gone!

"Lie there in dust," the red-winged demon cried,
"Wreck of the lordly city's hope and pride!"
Silent they stand, and stare with vacant gaze,
While o'er the embers leaps the fitful blaze;
When, lo! a hand, before the startled train,
Writes in the ashes: "It shall rise again—
Rise until from its elemental foes!"—
The word was spoken, and the walls arose,
And ere the seasons round their brief career
The new born temple waits the unborn year.

Ours was a life of many a weary day
Your smiles, your plaudits only can repay;
We are the monarchs of the painted scenes,
You, you alone are the real kings and queens;
Lords of the kingdom where we meet,
We lay our gilded sceptres at your feet;
Place in your grasp our portal's silvered keys
With one brief utterance—"YOKES."
Tell us, ye sovereigns of the new drama,
Are you content—or have we toiled in vain?

With no irreverent glances look around
The realm of fancy that this is haunted ground!
Here stalks the sorcerer, here the fairies trip,
Here limps the witch with malice-working lips,
Here the ghosts their snowy arms entwine,
Here dwell the fairest sisters of the Nine—
She who with jocund voice and twinkling eye
Laughs at the brood of follies as they fly;
She of the mournful lip and dim eye bowl,
Whose charming horrors thrill the trembling soul;
She who, a truant from celestial spheres,
In mortal guise doth dance now and then appears,
Stealing the fairest earthly shapes she can—
Sontag or Nilsson, Lind or Malibran;
With these the spangled hour of the dance—
What shall so dangerous a sister say? A glance.
As poised in air she spurns the earth below,
And points aloft her heavenly-minded toe!

What were our life, with all its rents and seams,
Stripped of its purple robes, its aching dreams?
The stern's the bright romancer's magic page,
The lizard shows that chest is on the stage,
Lead all our fancies captive at their will;
Three years or threescore, we are often still.
The little listener on his father's knee,
With wide-eyed wonder, hears the stormy sea,
With Gotham's sages hears Jonathan roll,
(Illustrious trio of the venturous bowl)
Too madly reckless of the future days,
To see their offspring in the centre, to permit Miss
Fanny Morant to advance to the footlights. She met
with a most cordial reception, and as soon as quiet
reigned she commenced the recital of the following
opening address from the pen of Dr. Oliver Wendell

zontal-bar performances were loudly applauded and frequently encored. The company has established a reputation in this city, and will be greeted with large audiences whenever it appears here.

The receipts of the season amounted to $2,000. The Coleman Sisters appear here Dec. 16, 17. So writes our correspondent.

FROM THE PACIFIC SLOPE, "Sir Toby" sends the following, dated San Francisco, Nov. 29: "At the annual benefit of W. A. Mestayer, on Nov. 24, persons were turned away from the California Theatre unable to get a view of the stage. The popularity of Mr. Mestayer so extensively displayed on this occasion has not been won by a bound, but by steps, and is the result of six years' constant labor. For some time he was hidden beneath the sentiment and measured verse of the stately drama, and it was not until he appeared in eccentric comedy and burlesque that he was discovered to own talents that were of a peculiar order, and that needed a special field for their exhibition. One of his earliest hits was the Major in 'Henry Dunbar,' and he established a good local reputation after that by playing Robert Macaire, Crabtree, Old Pete in 'The Octoroon,' Bean Farintosh in 'School,' and Capt. John Smith in 'Pocahontas.' Now that he has obtained general recognition as a good stock actor, wisely or unwisely, according to opinion, he contemplates a starring tour next season. A number of plays have been written for him to star with, and one of them was produced at his benefit. The play in question is called 'Long Branch,' and is the work of himself and Mr. Ryan of this city. It is to be regarded as an effective piece of theatricality that does not descend to pure mechanical clap-trap, but relies upon a prodigality of action and color for success. The plot is worked up with skill, the situations exhibit that the authors know the value of stage effect, and the interest, which consists of a florid interweaving of high and low life, is sustained enough to hold the attention of the average theatre-goer. The play was received with favor as acted by the following cast:

Bill Hardhead	W. A. Mestayer
Rev. Silas Auburn	Louis Morrison
Sol Wiseacre	Henry Edwards
Darrell Richmore	Walter Leman
Geo. Lattimer	John Wilson
Henry Warner	E. J. Buckley
Jerry Pike	Charles Henry
Mike Bradley	J. N. Long
Jack Weaver	Ellie Wilton
Tim Lightways	Henry Coad
Kate Wilton	Miss Judah
Mrs. Van Ness	Sophie Edwin
Mrs. Gladden	Miss Gannon
Mrs. Thorndyke	Maggie Moore
Lucy	Emma Stanley
Mrs. Tonduell	Carrie Wyatt
Emily	Louise Johnstone
Mrs. Donovan	Fanny Stanley
Hannah	

The plot may be sketched in outline as follows:

"The opening scene discloses two adjoining rooms in a New York tenement house. The respective occupants of these rooms are Percy St. Auburn and Kate Van Ness, who love each other, but who are both too poor to think of marriage. In the first act they are both tried to temptation that arise from their condition in life. Kate is sought in marriage by Richmore, a wealthy elderly gentleman, for whom she has no liking but respect, and St. Auburn is importuned by Lattimer, formerly a fellow-clerk in a bank, to commit forgery. The action goes on simultaneously in the two rooms. Kate, after a struggle with herself, throws her hand reluctantly upon Richmore. At the same time St. Auburn, whose scruples are overcome by the "pangs of despised fortune" than by love or cause, forges a check, but, at the moment the deed is committed he receives a letter containing a small sum of money sent anonymously by Kate, when he cries 'Too late! too late!' and the curtain falls on a strong situation. Time elapses and Kate has returned from her bridal tour in Europe. Actuated by charitable motives she sends money by her maid to St. Auburn, thinking that he still lives in poverty at the old tenement house. The maid, who of course does not find St. Auburn, carelessly flaunts the money in her possession, when she is enticed into a low den and threatened with robbery. Her deliverance is effected by Bill Hardhead, a rough bully, who is the girl's lover, and who obtains from her a knowledge of her mission. This leads strongly upon the remainder of the plot, as Hardhead is hand-in-glove with Lattimer, who, it will be remembered, tempted St. Auburn, and the discovery of the money sent by the woman tried to send the money is of great interest to the schemer. St. Auburn, to escape the police, travels in the disguise of an English nobleman, and is accepted as a confederate at a fashionable gaming table. Lattimer takes him to Long Branch to meet the unknown woman or to form an alliance with some romantic heiress. To the horror of St. Auburn, he finds the unknown woman to be Kate, and she, knowing what a tool he is in the hands of Lattimer offers to give him sufficient to leave the country and begin a new life since there is no hope for love. Kate pays a visit at final interview at her house that night at ten. Lattimer overhears everything, and determining not to lose so useful a person as St. Auburn, persuades him to remain in disguise. The night arrives, and at about ten Richmore comes to tell Lucy what he considers an idle story of her indiscreet behavior with the English nobleman. This augments anger and the near approach of the time when St. Auburn is to appear unnerves Kate, who is conscious how unwittingly she has imperiled her honor. Finality, to her relief, Richmore goes. Lattimer, disguised in St. Auburn's clothes, jumps in at the window and turns down the lamp while Kate is watching her husband depart. Hardhead, unknown to Lattimer, follows through the window and screens himself behind a curtain. Lattimer announces himself to Kate as St. Auburn, and asks for the promised money. The latter, who has always displayed a horror, can scarcely believe that her old lover could be so utterly cold and mercenary. Just as Lattimer is about to make his exit through the window, Richmore comes in at the door and orders him to stand, when he turns on his heel, draws a pistol and shoots Richmore dead. The noise of the shot attracts the inmates of the house to the room, the first to arrive being Bill Hardhead, who is accused by Kate with the killing of Richmore. After the lapse of a year Hardhead meets Lattimer for the first time, and being refused a sum of money by the latter, discloses his knowledge of the latter's skeptical as to his knowledge of it, when Hardhead tells how he saw the whole business from his hiding-place behind the curtain. Lattimer resigns himself to the tables by accusing Hardhead of the murder, but he is frustrated by the discovery of St. Auburn's clothes at his lodgings, which were searched by the police at Hardhead's suggestion. The end is now at hand. The explanations are made, and St. Auburn, who has long considered himself a criminal, is relieved by being presented with the forged check, which was found unused among Lattimer's effects. St. Auburn is restored to Kate's confidence, and it is fair to presume they afterwards marry.

"There is no space to notice the acting further than to say Mr. Mestayer made a hit as the magnificent rowdy Bill Hardhead, and won great applause by his singing of the Hoop La duet from Perichole with Miss Maggie Moore, and also by his rendering of the negro song of 'The Days When I Was Young.' On Nov. 27 a large audience was present to witness the debut of Mrs. Adele Seiz as Julia in 'The Hunchback.' The lady did not realize the stately Julia in person, but she acted out the conventional stage-business and costume in a manner quite equal to what might be expect from a debutante who had been well drilled for the occasion. Ambition is not always synonomous with ability, and before Mrs. Seiz can take a leading position, she will have to learn some things essential to the making of an actress. What these things are will readily occur to her friends and preceptors. Her effort upon the whole was very creditable for an amateur. The best of the acting came from Ellie Wilton as Helen, Edwards as Master Walter, and Lewis Morrison as Clifford. On the latter's powers we have already dwelled at length, and Miss Wilton's powers in the same degree, and electrified her auditors in each impersonation. Her Meg Merriles and Lady Macbeth were the highest specimens of histrionic art. Mr. James O'Neill accompanied Miss Cushman, and sustained the principal male characters in creditable style. His portrayal of Macbeth was characterized by intense dramatic force and expression, but was slightly marred by occasional unevenness. The stock company rendered uniformly good support. Miss Cushman closed on the 8th, her engagement being for five nights only. 'Ingomar,' 'Evadne,' and 'Young Nan' were produced by the stock at to-day's matinee, Mr. O'Neil as Manuel; and 'David Garrick' in the evening, with Mr. O'Neill in the title role, the occasion being E. T. Goodrich's benefit. E. T. Setson will open on the 8th in 'Neck and Neck.' Mr. John McCullough follows on the 15th inst."

THE WEEK OPENED at the Capitol Theatre, Albany, N. Y., with a benefit to Charles Waverley, the leading man, who presented a new drama written by himself, entitled "Brittles, or Never Say Die," to a large house. Our correspondent, writing on Dec. 6, observes: "The play proved to be excellent in every respect. It is highly sensational, depicting life in the far West, and possesses a clear, comprehensible plot, and well-defined characters, and the language used throughout is remarkably good, while its tableaux and situations are of the most approved sensational style. On the whole, it is a very meritorious production, and was received with a remarkable degree of favor. Mr. Waverley as Bob Brittles, a trapper, was first-class, his make-up, patois and general acting being fully up to his usual standard in this character line. A. W. Gregory as Richard Dick, F. J. Morris as Hi-Lo, E. C. McCall as Redland, and Marian Fiske as Jessie, were very good. The rest of the cast were but fair. 'Brittles' was enacted every evening during the week with the exception of the 5th, when Marian Fiske took a benefit, the bill being 'Waiting for the Verdict' and 'The Eton Boy,' her father, M. W. Fiske, appearing in both pieces. The attendance on the occasion was very good, and showed that Miss Fiske's efforts to please have been appreciated. We are sorry to state that Miss Fiske severed her connection with the company to-night. During the time she has been here, she has made herself a great favorite with the patrons of the Capitol Theatre, and her pretty face will be missed, especially by the boys, who fairly dote on it. Miss Gertie Granville takes the position made vacant by Miss Fiske's retirement, opening on the 8th. Next week benefits will be in order, A. W. Gregory, comedian, leading off on the 6th.....At the Opera-house Robert McWade failed to draw with 'Rip Van Winkle.' The support tendered him was simply villainous, in some cases good. Mary L. Stone, Herbert, J. D. Bradley, and J. A. Meade being acceptable. The scenery was very nice, indeed. Mr. Albaugh seems to take particular pride in mounting plays entrusted at his house. On the 6th the stock will give 'Life in the Streets,' and on the 8th 'Lawrence Barrett opens in 'Richelieu.'"

"LITTLE NELL commenced a week's engagement at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, Md., December 1, appearing in "Fidelia the Fire Waif." Our correspondent, writing on December 6, says: "As a dramatic actress she does not assert herself very brilliantly, but her variety business will do quite well. Her support, on the whole, was of a fair quality. The orchestra, under the direction of Harry Warne, J. T. Alexander as Markham, M. E. Curtis as Dave Bird, Parkhurst as Walsh, H. S. Parker as Winch, Miss Camotta as Zoe, and Mrs. Coleman as Aunt Peggy. The attendance has been moderate. The orchestra, under the direction of Professor Gustave Rose, is very efficient. Will Rose is the stage-manager. Little Nell opens at the Grand Opera-house, Memphis, Tenn., on December 15. 'The New Magdalen,' with Ada Gray as Mercy Merrick, will be presented here on the 8th.....Joseph Jefferson performed at the Grand Opera-house during the past week to quite goodly-sized audiences. The first three nights 'Rip Van Winkle' was presented, with an excellent cast and fine scenic adjuncts. On Thursday evening 'The Rivals' was given; Friday, 'The Heir-at-Law;' Saturday afternoon, 'The Spitfire' and 'Who Killed Cock Robin;' at night, 'Rip Van Winkle.' J. H. Stoddart, with Kingrold & Rockwell's company, is to open Dec. 8 in Bouicault's drama of 'The Struggle for Life.'.....At the Front-street Theatre, Miss Lulu Delmay, serio-comic vocalist, was the sole arrival last Monday. She is a coquettish little brunette, with good voice and style. A drama in two acts, entitled 'Dark Deeds, or the Secret Marriage,' was presented in creditable shape. Business, though fair, was not up to the standard. Mr. Edesan, the stage-manager, takes a benefit on the 9th. Duncan's Japanese Troupe, Foley and Wade, Emil Gocoux, Otto Zemarra, Billy Ahern and Katie Brooke close the last going to the Comique, Washington. For Dec. 6 are announced Sidney C. France, who will appear in the drama of 'Marked for Life'; the Show Brothers, Hogan and Madge, Sam Devere, Helene Smith and Frankie Christie.....Miss Leonora Barnes, professionally known as Minnie Lee, at present a member of the Grand Opera-house Company, was married on Nov. 29 to Mr. Frank C. Anderson, assistant observer in the United States Signal Service Corps in this city. The ceremony was performed at the Roman Catholic Cathedral."

AT THE PROVIDENCE, R. I., OPERA-HOUSE Mrs. Jas. A. Oates and her Comic Opera Company drew crowded houses the past week. "Fortunio" was given Dec. 1 and at the matinee on the 6th; "The King's Secret," 2; "Grand Duchess," 3; "Flower Girl of Paris," 4; "Madam Angot's Child," 5; second act of "Grand Duchess" and "Pet of the Petticoats," 6. The several pieces received excellent representation.

J. K. EMMET opened at the Griswold Opera-house, Troy, N. Y., on Dec. 1, in "Fritz," under the management of Walter Keeble of Albany. The piece was played all the week, and attracted moderate houses. The mill scene in the original has been entirely left out, and the play has been rewritten. The company supporting Mr. Emmet was rather weak, and failed to give satisfaction.....Howard, Langrishe & Carle's Combination open on Dec. 8, for one week, presenting "The Magic Talisman." John Albaugh follows on the 15th, for two weeks.

LOTTA appeared at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., after an absence of four years, on Dec. 1, in her charming impersonation of Little Nell and The Marchioness, and was received by an audience that filled the house in every portion, wrote our correspondent on Dec. 4, adding: "Tuesday evening there was a falling-off in the attendance, but the following evening a decided improvement was perceptible, and the same may be said of this (Thursday) evening. The piece was well cast. E. A. Locke as Dick Swiveller, Fred. Bock as Sampson Brass, F. R. Pierce as Quilp, M. Rainford as Grandfather Trent, Geo. Holland as Mr. Slum, and Mrs. Stoneall as Mrs. Jarley, are all entitled to the highest commendation for the admirable manner in which they sustained their respective characters. 'Zip' and 'Old London' are underlined for an early production..... The Lydia Thompson Troupe are doing an excellent business at the Academy of Music, and their performances are nightly attended by our most refined theatre-goers. They opened the week with the performance of 'Sinbad the Sailor,' which was handsomely mounted and splendidly acted by all the artists, from the fair Lydia down to the super. Willie Edouin, Harry Taylor, Ada Beaumont and Camille Dubois appeared to the best possible advantage, and rendered their several characters in excellent style. The orchestra, under the baton of William Withers, Jr., is well deserving of the plaudits bestowed upon it. 'Mephisto' Dec. 8. Sothern opens Dec. 22.....Harry Linden prolonged his stay at the Globe Theatre another week, appearing as Blinkey Brown in the popular drama 'Waiting for the Verdict.' Mr. Linden's personation of Blinkey is really fine, and throughout he kept the audience good-natured. The support was fair. Dec. 8, Mr. T. C. King appears for one week."

AMUSEMENTS IN BOSTON, MASS., are thus reported by our correspondent, writing on Dec. 7: "The week at the Boston Theatre has been devoted to the legitimate. Charles Fechter returning, after an absence of two years, to renew the triumphs of former days. He opened in 'Hamlet' to a small house, which was repeated on Wednesday to another small house. On Tuesday he gave a performance of 'Don Cæsar De Bazan,' and on Thursday his Claude in 'The Lady of Lyons' succeeded in drawing a house larger than on any of the previous evenings. 'Ruy Blas' on Friday drew the first really crowded house, followed at the Saturday matinee by another equally as large, to witness a repetition of 'The Lady of Lyons.' Mr. Fechter is not playing as well as when he was last here, and in the earlier parts of the piece, his acting was but the ghost of its former self. In 'Ruy Blas' for the first time his old fire and brilliancy showed itself, although even then he was not so good as we have seen him. Of the support, the only persons deserving praise were Mrs. Barry, who gave a succession of excellent performances; Mr. Shewell as Don Salluste in 'Ruy Blas,' and Mr. H. S. Murdoch as Laertes and Glavis. It is to be regretted that Mr. Murdoch does not appear oftener in the cast, as he is one of the best actors in the company, and his absence is made conspicuous by its frequency. A matinee was given Wednesday afternoon, at which Salvini repeated his performance of 'Othello,' which was witnessed by a large audience. Last night 'The Chimney Corner,' 'The Child of the Regiment,' and 'Mr. and Mrs. Peter White' were produced by the stock company. On Dec. 8, Charlotte Cushman commences an engagement of a single week, appearing the first three evenings as Meg Merriles, and afterwards as Queen Catherine. She will have the support of Mr. L. R. Shewell and the company. On the 15th inst. 'Our Island Cousin' will be brought out for the holiday attraction, with scenery prepared especially for the piece by Mr. Charles Getz, and with a number of the attractions recently in 'The Black Crook' at Niblo's, N. Y.....'The Geneva Cross' at the Museum is drawing large houses, and is announced for a further week. Indeed, it deserves its success, for it is one of the very best plays presented here in a great while."

THE PHILADELPHIA LODGE OF ELKS gave their third annual benefit at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the afternoon of the 5th of Dec., and by meritorious performances went off in the most satisfactory manner, thanks to the supervision of Sam Sanford the stage-manager, and his assistant, Robert Fraser. A capital overture, composed by Jesse Williams and entitled "Elks," served as a well-executed prelude to a lengthy and select programme. Frank Chapman with was abundantly supplied in the opening sketch "What Do You Take Me For?" in which Billy Barry, Frank Girard and another of New York City appeared. Frank Conley's comic songs were deservedly applauded. E. D. Davies in his inimitable ventriloquial entertainment kept the audience in a roar of laughter. Simmons & Slocum's Minstrels then gave their capital first-part, all being in white faces except the end men, Lou Simmons and Matt Wheeler, and concluding with Frank Dumont's "Funny Awkward Squad" by Simmons, Wheeler, Slocum, and entire troupe. Cheevers and Kennedy in their clever Dutch song-and-dances earned a couple of encores. James Quinn gave a good banjo solo, and Frank Mordaunt recited in an able manner "Sheridan's Ride." This was happily followed by the amusing parody "Schneider's Ride," recited by Gus Phillips ("Schneider Goofy") in his own inimitable style, and, being received with great favor, was followed by "Shoo Fly." Instead of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard, who had violated their promise to appear, was given Carncross and Dixey's laughable burlesque of "The Old Folks," which proved a welcome substitute. Frank Moran created much merriment as Father Kemp, his local hits being warmly applauded. Walters and Morton were announced to appear in songs-and-dances; but in consequence of the former's illness an apology was made by the stage-manager, Sam Sandford, and Morton, instead, gave his patter songs-and-dances, which were very favorably received. "The Drum Major" was then rendered in an amusing manner by Robert Fraser, Kennedy and Quinn, and the performance concluded with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by the immediate members of Elks, in full regalia dress. The attendance was fair, a large number of tickets being disposed of by the members of the order.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Buffalo, N. Y., was packed each evening of the past week—Miss Charlotte Cushman being the stellar attraction, and her impersonations prevailing. The repertoire was as follows: Monday, Tuesday and Friday, "Guy Mannering;" Wednesday, "Henry VIII;" Thursday, "Macbeth." Our correspondent, writing on Dec. 6, remarks: "For an artist of so advanced an age, Miss Cushman retains her wonderful powers to a remarkable degree, and electrified her auditors in each impersonation. Her Meg Merriles and Lady Macbeth were the highest specimens of histrionic art. Mr. James O'Neill accompanied Miss Cushman, and sustained the principal male characters in creditable style. His portrayal of Macbeth was characterized by intense dramatic force and expression, but was slightly marred by occasional unevenness. The stock company rendered uniformly good support. Miss Cushman closed on the 8th, her engagement being for five nights only. 'Ingomar,' 'Evadne,' and 'Young Nan' were produced by the stock at to-day's matinee, Mr. O'Neil as Manuel; and 'David Garrick' in the evening, with Mr. O'Neill in the title role, the occasion being E. T. Goodrich's benefit. E. T. Setson will open on the 8th in 'Neck and Neck.' Mr. John McCullough follows on the 15th inst."

THE WEEK OPENED at the Capitol Theatre, Albany, N. Y., with a benefit to Charles Waverley, the leading man, who presented a new drama written by himself, entitled "Brittles, or Never Say Die," to a large house. Our correspondent, writing on Dec. 6, observes: "The play proved to be excellent in every respect. It is highly sensational, depicting life in the far West, and possesses a clear, comprehensible plot, and well-defined characters, and the language used throughout is remarkably good, while its tableaux and situations are of the most approved sensational style. On the whole, it is a very meritorious production, and was received with a remarkable degree of favor. Mr. Waverley as Bob Brittles, a trapper, was first-class, his make-up, patois and general acting being fully up to his usual standard in this character line. A. W. Gregory as Richard Dick, F. J. Morris as Hi-Lo, E. C. McCall as Redland, and Marian Fiske as Jessie, were very good. The rest of the cast were but fair. 'Brittles' was enacted every evening during the week with the exception of the 5th, when Marian Fiske took a benefit, the bill being 'Waiting for the Verdict' and 'The Eton Boy,' her father, M. W. Fiske, appearing in both pieces. The attendance on the occasion was very good, and showed that Miss Fiske's efforts to please have been appreciated. We are sorry to state that Miss Fiske severed her connection with the company to-night. During the time she has been here, she has made herself a great favorite with the patrons of the Capitol Theatre, and her pretty face will be missed, especially by the boys, who fairly dote on it. Miss Gertie Granville takes the position made vacant by Miss Fiske's retirement, opening on the 8th. Next week benefits will be in order, A. W. Gregory, comedian, leading off on the 6th.....At the Opera-house Robert McWade failed to draw with 'Rip Van Winkle.' The support tendered him was simply villainous, in some cases good, Mary L. Stone, Herbert, J. D. Bradley, and J. A. Meade being acceptable. The scenery was very nice, indeed. Mr. Albaugh seems to take particular pride in mounting plays entrusted at his house. On the 6th the stock will give 'Life in the Streets,' and on the 8th 'Lawrence Barrett opens in 'Richelieu.'"

"LITTLE NELL commenced a week's engagement at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, Md., December 1, appearing in "Fidelia the Fire Waif." Our correspondent, writing on December 6, says: "As a dramatic actress she does not assert herself very brilliantly, but her variety business will do quite well. Her support, on the whole, was of a fair quality. The orchestra, under the direction of Harry Warne, J. T. Alexander as Markham, M. E. Curtis as Dave Bird, Parkhurst as Walsh, H. S. Parker as Winch, Miss Camotta as Zoe, and Mrs. Coleman as Aunt Peggy. The attendance has been moderate. The orchestra, under the direction of Professor Gustave Rose, is very efficient. Will Rose is the stage-manager. Little Nell opens at the Grand Opera-house, Memphis, Tenn., on December 15. 'The New Magdalen,' with Ada Gray as Mercy Merrick, will be presented here on the 8th.....Joseph Jefferson performed at the Grand Opera-house during the past week to quite goodly-sized audiences. The first three nights 'Rip Van Winkle' was presented, with an excellent cast and fine scenic adjuncts. On Thursday evening 'The Rivals' was given; Friday, 'The Heir-at-Law;' Saturday afternoon, 'The Spitfire' and 'Who Killed Cock Robin;' at night, 'Rip Van Winkle.' J. H. Stoddart, with Kingrold & Rockwell's company, is to open Dec. 8 in Bouicault's drama of 'The Struggle for Life.'.....At the Front-street Theatre, Miss Lulu Delmay, serio-comic vocalist, was the sole arrival last Monday. She is a coquettish little brunette, with good voice and style. A drama in two acts, entitled 'Dark Deeds, or the Secret Marriage,' was presented in creditable shape. Business, though fair, was not up to the standard. Mr. Edesan, the stage-manager, takes a benefit on the 9th. Duncan's Japanese Troupe, Foley and Wade, Emil Gocoux, Otto Zemarra, Billy Ahern and Katie Brooke close the last going to the Comique, Washington. For Dec. 6 are announced Sidney C. France, who will appear in the drama of 'Marked for Life'; the Show Brothers, Hogan and Madge, Sam Devere, Helene Smith and Frankie Christie.....Miss Leonora Barnes, professionally known as Minnie Lee, at present a member of the Grand Opera-house Company, was married on Nov. 29 to Mr. Frank C. Anderson, assistant observer in the United States Signal Service Corps in this city. The ceremony was performed at the Roman Catholic Cathedral."

AT THE PROVIDENCE, R. I., OPERA-HOUSE Mrs. Jas. A. Oates and her Comic Opera Company drew crowded houses the past week. "Fortunio" was given Dec. 1 and at the matinee on the 6th; "The King's Secret," 2; "Grand Duchess," 3; "Flower Girl of Paris," 4; "Madam Angot's Child," 5; second act of "Grand Duchess" and "Pet of the Petticoats," 6. The several pieces received excellent representation.

MISS FANNIE CATHCART and Mr. Geo. Darrell made their reappearance before a Salt Lake audience on Nov. 24, in "Dark Deeds;" Tuesday, "East Lynne" and "The Terrible Tinker;" Wednesday, benefit of Fanny Cathcart and Geo. Darrell, on which occasion "Janet Pride" was given, concluding with a musical *olla podrida*, in which Miss Cathcart made a bit in Poe's poem, "The Bells;" Thursday, grand Thanksgiving matinee, with "The Mexican Tigress," concluding with "Black-eyed Susan;" evening, "Dark Deeds," concluding with "My Precious Betsy." Our correspondent on Nov. 30 says: "The great event of the season was the presentation on Nov. 28, for the first time on any stage, of Edward W. Tullidge's new historical play in five acts, entitled "Oliver Cromwell," with the following cast:

CHIEFS OF THE COMMONWEALTH.	ROYALISTS.
Cromwell	J. A. Sawtelle
Ireton	A. Thorne
Milton	E. B. Marden
Lord President Bradshaw	F. Rea
Sir Harry Vane	J. McIntosh
Harrison	W. C. T. Dudley
Fairfax	H. Taylor
Joshua	M. Forster
Holdfast	W. C. Grosbie
Coke	H. Maiben
Charles I	M. Wilton
Prince Charles, afterwards Charles II	
Wilmot, Earl of Rochester	H. R. Archer
Lord Digby	G. Cogill
Spanish Ambassador	H. Horsley
Lady Fairfax	Miss De Lanin
Elizabeth	Miss A. A. Adams
Grace Holdfast	Mrs. Crosbie
Spirit of Queen Elizabeth	

The subject is a grand one, and, one would think susceptible of being made the foundation for one of the most superb dramas of any age or country. The play was presented with great care, judgment and liberality. The scenes, especially the exterior of Parliament-house and the Great Hall at Westminster, with the execution of Charles I, by Geo. Tirrell, were certainly deserving of commendation. The play has an abundance of incidents, many of them of an exciting character, sufficient to keep up the interest of the play without flagging. The most evenly sustained and uniformly well-played character in the whole drama was Lady Fairfax by Miss Kate Denin. The next was the Falstaffian hero, Holdfast, by Mr. W. C. Crosbie, who created great amusement, and did much towards enlivening the audience. Mr. Thorne was quietly and effectively rendered. Miss Cogswell as Prince Charles, though gay and vivacious, was not so happy as the character calls for. Mr. Sawtelle in the title role, a long and exacting part, played with much energy and ability, but his conception of the character was too nervous, irritable and restless. A representative Puritan somewhat fanatical, one would naturally take to be a great, calm, strong, self-contained soul, inflexible as adamant, acting in the midst of unwavering, almost infallible conviction, afraid of facing nothing, immovable in his purposes as the mountains. Such a Puritan Mr. Sawtelle did not present on the first representation, but on Saturday a marked change was perceptible, and the pruning of the play was certainly very judiciously done. Too much credit cannot be given to Mr. J. H. Vinson, the efficient stage-manager, under whose supervision the play was presented. On both nights the capacity of the house was fully tested. Mr. Shiel Barry commences a short engagement on Dec. 1. Miss Cathcart and Mr. Darrell leave to-day for Sacramento, where they will play a limited number of nights, thence to New York."

LAWRENCE BARRETT entered upon the last week of his engagement at Macauley's Theatre, Louisville Ky., on Dec. 1, appearing as Cassius in "Julius Cæsar." The house was finely placed on the stage, and drew large audiences. It held the boards until Thursday, and was followed by "David Garrick," "Money," and "Home." Our correspondent, writing on Dec. 8, remarks: "The Cassius of Mr. Barrett was a bit of art thoroughly realized to the fullest extent the ideal. His acting throughout was distinguished by a really marvelous variety of tone, gesture and facial expression; and he has, moreover, given to the text a very careful study, and it is seldom that the lines of Shakespeare have been spoken with so careful an emphasis. The impersonation wanted nothing requisite to perfection, and left no room to question whether among all the characters there can be found another which he represents with equal power. The role of Brutus was artistically sustained by B. Macauley, and the various scenes between Cassius and Brutus showed that he entered thoroughly into the character. As Mark Antony, W. H. Powell, acting throughout the play revealed dramatic power of a very high order. His stage bearing is always good, and his acting forcible and earnest. H. W. Mitchel gave a powerful impersonation of Julius Cæsar, but his acting was unusually emphatic. Casca fell into the hands of F. Highe, who interpreted the character with great breadth and vigor. As Portia, Miss Davenport appeared to better advantage than in any other role she has yet assumed. Miss McClellan, F. H. Lord, H. C. Barton, and John Marble, who take parts in the drama, maintain, if they do not advance, their reputation. Furbish's Fifth-avenue Theatre Combination is to open Dec. 8, in 'Divorce.'"

THE HOLMAN OPERA-HOUSE, London, Ont., Canada, will be opened Dec. 22, and a few good dramatic artists, including a leading man and first low comedian, are wanted for the season. Good combinations will also be treated with on liberal terms.

BROOKLYN THEATRICALS were very dull last week, a full house at any of the leading theatres being quite a novelty. Miss Leclerq never played to slimmer houses than at the Park, where she appeared in "The New Magdalen." The Grand Duke Festival, "The Geneva Cross" was run a second week, in the face of the lesson taught by experience, that nothing will draw for two weeks in succession in Brooklyn. At the Academy, Mrs. Howard played in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to poor houses on Wednesday, Dec. 3. This week Howard's new play of "Lillian's Last Love" is on the bills for Dec. 8, and McCullough appears for a week at the Park in his principal characters.

LUCIEN BARNES, manager for Baker and Farron, was in Albany, N. Y., Dec. 3, and, says our correspondent, reported business as being excellent. B. and F. are engaged by Messrs. Spalding and Pope for a tour through the West, commencing in Leavenworth, Kas., on the 8th.

MISS ESTELLE ANDERSON commenced a week's engagement at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, O., on Dec. 1, in "Little Sunshine," which was acted to moderate attendance. "The Far West" was given Dec. 5, "Little Sunshine" at the Saturday matinee, and "Far West" again in the evening. Oliver Doud Byron comes in this week in "Mose, Cullough," &c.

A FIRST-CLASS COMEDIAN is wanted for the Chapman Sisters' Comic Opera and Comedy Company. Address Clinton Eddy, as per dates in advertisement.

THE SCOUTS OF THE PLAINS are to be at Paterson, N. J., Dec. 8, Elizabeth, Newark 10, Trenton, 11, Allentown, Pa., 12, Bethlehem 13, Easton 14, Reading 16, 17, Lancaster 18, Harrisburg 19, York 20, Baltimore, Md., 22, one week, Philadelphia Academy of Music 29, one week.

MISS LILLIE EDLEDGE is to commence an engagement of one week at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, L. I., on Dec. 15.

MAFFITT & BARTHOLOMEW'S "Flick and Flock" company are to perform at Wilkesbarre, Pa., Dec. 8, 9, Allentown 10, 11, Easton 12, 13, Reading 15, 16, Wilmington, Del., 17, 18, Trenton, N. J., 19, 20. Christmas week is open. Baltimore, Md., one week, commencing 29.

MILTON NOBLES commenced his engagement at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Dec. 6, acting Sir Charles Pomander in "Masks and Faces."

KENDALL'S COMEDY COMPANY opened at Cedar Falls, Ia., Monday, Dec. 1, with "The Lancashire Lass." In speaking of the merits of the company, *The Recorder* says:

Mr. H. A. Kendall gave a most vivid and lifelike impersonation of the leading part, Tom Bowling, the name of Johnson, that aroused and enchained the attention and sympathy of the audience and stamped him as an artist second to none that has ever visited our city. He is a careful, conscientious and deeply studied actor, and his character well, and plays it in a manner true to life, that the most critical could not find fault with. He has already made himself a favorite here, and we hope that he may the harvest he deserves. His support was excellent, and filled out the programme capitally, giving us the finest performance that has been our fortune to witness in this city. * * * * Tuesday evening, in "The Merchant of Venice," Mr. Kendall enacted the part of Shylock, the Venetian usurer, in the following cast, and in masterly manner the varying shades of feeling of Shakespeare's wonderful creation, and in many points good judge say he rendered it as well as Booth.

MUSICAL.

MISS ANTOINETTE STERLING'S numerous friends in this country will rejoice to hear of the immediate and almost wonderful success she has made in England. On Nov. 24 she appeared in the opera of Jules Benedict, and gave a selection from Bach, which elicited a torrent of applause, and the orchestra rose from their seats to greet her. She repeated the selection, and in response to another encore sang "The Three Fishers." At the conclusion of the concert Mr. Mitchell, manager of the Royalty, offered an engagement for four weeks to sing every night, a handsome salary, a brougham of her own, and every privilege usually accorded first-class artists. She has now more offers of engagements than she can terminate with in the next month except. She is to sing at the Albert Memorial Concerts, and at the Crystal Palace in Bach's "Passion of St. Matthew."

E. A. ANDRE, first violinist and solo alto player, can be addressed as per advertisement.

THE BERGER FAMILY and Sol Smith Russell performed at Goldsboro, N. C., Nov. 28, 29, 3, Kinston 4, Goldsboro 5, 6, and are to concertize at Wilmington 8, 9, 10, Fayetteville 11, 12, 13, Raleigh 15, 16, 17, Greensboro 18, 19, Charlotte 20, 21, 22.

ALFRED HUDDY, tenor balladist and E flat cornet player, advertises for an engagement.

ORO. D. STRONG, who advertises, wants to engage a harpist for a concert troupe.

CHARLEY HARRISON, humorist, who has been with Smith's Bellringers during the past four years and three months, seceded from that company at Omaha, Neb., on the 1st inst.

PROF. F. STRIEBGEN, solo violinist, with a first-class orchestra of five pieces, advertises that he can be engaged.

THE BERGER FAMILY and Sol Smith Russell are reported to be meeting with success in North Carolina. At Wilson, the party went out on a fox hunt, which was gotten up by the Mayor and some gentlemen of the town for the benefit of the troupe, and Mr. Sol. Smith Russell bore off the honors and got the brush. They are to perform at Wilmington, Del., Dec. 8, 9, Fayetsville, N. C., 11, 12, Raleigh 13, 14, 15, 16, Greensboro 17, 18.

THE BAND of the Eleventh Hessian Pioneer Battalion, from Mainz (Mayence) on the Rhine—Karl M. Kirchner, director—performed at Arbeiter Hall, Baltimore, during the past week. They went thence to Washington, for three nights, after which they will proceed to Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and through the West.

SPALDING'S BELLRINGERS and Ladies' Cornet Band are to amuse the people of Fitchburg, Mass., Dec. 10, Westminster 11, Winchendon 12, Peterboro, N. H., 13, Jaffrey 15, Baldwinville, Mass., 16, Athol 17,,,

THE CANDIDE ROBINSON BURLESQUE "Old Folks concluded their season on the 6th of December at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, with a testimonial benefit to Mr. and Mrs. Bernard, under the auspices of the Old Gaurd and the active members of the State Fencibles of that city.

MR. AND MRS. SPRINGER made their re-appearance at Miller's Winter Garden, Philadelphia, on the 1st inst., in their "Cat Duet." The Zig-Zags, lately performing at the Chestnut-street Theatre, in that city, commence an engagement here on the 8th of December.

A MEETING of the delegates from the various musical societies of Philadelphia was held on the evening of the 5th inst., in the rooms of the Maennerchor, in that city, for the purpose of perfecting the organization of a National Centennial Musical League, to have charge of the musical exercises at the celebration. An invitation to the various musical societies was ordered to be sent, inviting them to meet on the second Friday in January, 1874, at Maennerchor Hall, Philadelphia.

THE CECILIAN MUSICAL BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia held their annual election on the 4th inst. This association was organized in 1849, and is the only beneficial one connected with the musical profession in Philadelphia.

THOMAS E. HARKINS, well known in musical and journalistic circles in Philadelphia, will give a concert at Concert Hall, in that city, on the 9th inst., when he will have the assistance of Miss Louise Liebhart and other artists.

FRED. BAKER, clarionet player, whose address find elsewhere, wants an engagement.

H. F. SCHULTZ, leader of orchestra, who can be addressed care of this office, terminates his engagement with the Fanny B. Price Combination on Dec. 11, and is prepared to negotiate with responsible parties desiring his services.

THE ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE, with Louise Kellogg as the bright star, postponed their opening at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., on Dec. 1 in consequence of a severe cold on the part of both Miss Kellogg and Mme. Van Zandt. On Tuesday "Martha" was given, with Miss Kellogg, Mrs. Seguin, Joseph Maas and G. Hall in the cast. The house was packed from pit to dome by a fashionable audience, while the entire performance gave general satisfaction. Wednesday evening, "Rigoletto," with Mme. Van Zandt in the chief role. The attendance light. Thursday evening, "Faust," with Miss Kellogg—attendance large. The company, though not particularly strong, is evenly balanced, and the several operas have all been well rendered.....The Camille Urso Concert Troupe gave a most enjoyable concert at Kingsbury Music Hall on Dec. 2. So wrote our correspondent on Dec. 4.

THE ORPHEUS CLUB will give the first concert of their second season at the Musical Fund Hall, Philadelphia, on the 19th of December. The choruses will be led by Mr. Michael H. Cross.

TERMS:

Single copy, 10 cents. Per annum, $3.00 in advance. To clubs of four or more, a deduction of 50 cents is allowed from each yearly subscription. Subscribers in Canada and the British provinces, $1.00 per annum extra to cover postage.

Advertisements under the head of Amusements, 15 cents per line for each insertion.

Miscellaneous and Sporting advertisements, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Extracts from other papers, incorporated in news department, 30cents per line.

Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion, and liberal discount made when paid for three months or longer, in advance.

FRANK QUEEN, Ed. and Proprietor,
CLIPPER BUILDING, Centre and Leonard streets, N. Y.

AMUSEMENTS.

NOTICE TO
THEATRICAL AND OPERATIC COMPANIES.
John H. Righter is the agent of the Grand Opera-house, Wilmington, Delaware, and is alone authorized to make engagements for the use of the same.
Address all communications to
JOHN H. RIGHTER, Wilmington, Del.
Auditorium seats 1,415; stage 45x75, with scenery and set stuff. [37-3t] GEO. G. LORDELL, Pres't.

MLLE. TERESA ANTONINO,
THE GRACEFUL PREMIERE DANCER,
will close her engagement at the Italian Opera on Friday, Dec. 5. Time open after that date. Managers can address 236 East 14th street, N. Y., or Col. T. Allston Brown, Agent. 37-1t*

W. W. COLE,
PROPRIETOR
COLE'S MENAGERIE AND CIRCUS,
has returned to QUINCY, ILL., the
HEADQUARTERS OF THE SHOW,
where all letters should be addressed. 37-1t*

WANTED.
AN ACTRESS WITH GOOD SONGS AND SPECIALTIES. Terms must be moderate. Address E. BYRON, Stage-manager, East End Concert Hall, East Liberty, Pittsburgh, Pa. 37-1t

HOLMAN OPERA-HOUSE,
LONDON, ONT., CANADA.
GEO. HOLMAN
Proprietor and Manager.
This new Opera-house will open on Monday evening, Dec. 22.

WANTED—A few good dramatic people, including a LEADING MAN and FIRST LOW COMEDIAN. Stars played and Combinations treated with on liberal terms. Address immediately as above, or apply to COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN, 9 West 4th st., New York. 37-2t

JIMMY NEARY,
IRISH AND ETHIOPIAN
SONG-AND-DANCE
AND PEDESTAL CLOG-DANCER,
can be engaged after Dec. 15. Address care of CLIPPER office. 37-1t*

THE CARY SISTERS,
formerly from the South, but who have been absent from the stage for some three years, have had an original TRAGEDY,
which is just completed, written expressly for them by a cousin of General Lew Wallace. There has been no expense spared to make it a first-class drama, and it is equally a play of the nineteenth century, founded on facts, nothing impossible or unnaturally exaggerated; but the plot is deep and interesting, and well and consistently carried out. The
CARY SISTERS
are ladies of great talent and ability, fine figures, pleasing address and very attractive in general appearance. They can be justly proud and the head of great family talent, being connected with the Miss Carys whose literary attainments are known and appreciated the length and breadth of the land. The Cary Sisters will be ready for engagements with their new play
BESS THE RAG-PICKER OF NEW YORK
on or about the fourth or sixth of January. They are at present starring at Connersville, Ind., where they can be addressed through their agent,
E. B. DOUGELAS,
37-1t* Avenue House, Connersville, Ind.

WANTED.
A YOUNG MAN 20 years old, would like an engagement with a traveling theatre, with stage privilege, or to learn advance-agency biz. Is not afraid to work.
Address ARTHUR READY,
Care De Long House,
Kenton, Hardin Co., Ohio.
37-1t*

LOUIS E. COOKE,
PRESS WRITER AND ROUTE AGENT,
Is thus noticed by the ST. PAUL PIONEER:
"* * * It would be impossible to close our notice of the Martino Troupe, however, without tendering a special mention of Louis E. Cooke, the efficient "newspaper man," who has so closely attended to the affairs of Martino during the engagement in this place. Mr. Cooke is a gentleman of whom the profession should justly feel proud, as he is possessed of splendid business qualifications, and gentlemanly courtesies that are seldom evinced. With such a man at its mast-head, any company could scarcely fail to succeed.
Friends and others may address, permanently, in care of the CLIPPER OFFICE. 37-1t*

TO MANAGERS, AGENTS AND OTHERS.—It affords me great pleasure to recommend to ALL the new and MAGNIFICENT THEATRE known as the DURLEY HALL, BLOOMINGTON, ILLS. Beware of some persons who are agents of another place known as the OPERA-HOUSE, and who by some plan known to themselves get all letters addressed to the best hall. Remember that DURLEY HALL is the only first-class theatre in Bloomington, Ill.
Address your letters to DR. SMITH, and you will find him a splendid gentleman. F. B. DOBSON,
37-1t. Manager Wallace Sisters.

PROF. F. STRIEBGEN, SOLO
VIOLINIST, with first-class orchestra of five pieces, wishes to engage with a first-class traveling company, if they can satisfy show. None but reliable parties need apply.
Would also engage with a first-class concert troupe as violin soloist. Address Bristol, Tenn. 37-1t.

WANTED,
For long season, a juvenile or walking lady, second chambermaid, or second old woman. Must have wardrobe and be professionals. Address F. J. WILDMAN, New York Comedy Theatre, Bristol, Tenn. 37-2t*

SIGNOR RAFFAELE ABECCO,
TENOR SINGER AND SOLO HARPIST, having just concluded a most successful engagement with Sharpley, Sheridan & Mack's Troupe, is now prepared to accept an engagement with a first-class MINSTREL OR VARIETY TROUPE. None but responsible parties need apply. Address care of CLIPPER Office. 37-1t*

MARTINIO LOWANDE,
THE BRAZILIAN BAREBACK RIDER,
also, CHAMPION FOUR-HORSE RIDER,
WITH HIS INFANT SON, TONY,
who are now in Havana, Cuba (under a five months' engagement).
Managers who would like their services for the season of 1874,
WITH HORSES FOR ALL HIS ACTS,
37-1t Address 2,531 Lee st., Philadelphia, Pa.

J. O'DONNELL,
THEATRICAL SHOEMAKER, 214 BOWERY, N. Y.
Formerly with J. SOMERS, deceased. Remember the number, 214 Bowery. 24

THE YOKES' NEW FAIRY
EXTRAVAGANZA, THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD, AT NIBLO'S.—Managers and artists are respectfully assured that the title, words, music and effects of the above spectacle are, by purchase, the EXCLUSIVE PROPERTY of the "YOKES FAMILY," and have been fully secured by copyright, for the United States, according to the Act of Congress, by
WARDLE CORBYN,
37-1t* Manager.

LITTLE EDDIE MOORE,
Care Mr. Wm. Lomas, Walnut street Theatre, Phila., Pa.

E. A. ANDRE, FIRST VIOLIN
AND SOLO ALTO. GOOD READER. Address
37-1t* Kinder Hook, Ill.

J. J. SHOWLES,
ADVANCE AGENT,
can be engaged for the Winter season for any first-class entertainment.
Managers who wrote in October, please write again.
J. J. SHOWLES, Lock Box 395,
37-1t* Bridgeport, Ct.

WANTED.—A FULL COMPANY to support the Tennets. To travel through the South and West. Season of 10 months, commencing Feb. 2. Please state terms of business. Salary moderate but sure. ROBERT BELMONT, Dramatic Author, Auburn, N. Y. Please send photographs. 37-1t*

WANTED—AN AGENT FOR
A DRAMATIC COMPANY.—a person who is gentlemanly, honest and sober, and who can deposit $200 or $300 on security, may address ROBERT BELMONT, Auburn, N. Y. A fair salary only. 37-1t*

I WANT A GOOD LADY PARTNER.—One that is well up in Songs-and-dances, to do Double Jig, Belle and Swell Songs-and-dances and other dancing acts.
ALSO MY ORIGINAL SKETCHES.
Address PROFESSIONAL,
37-1t* care of CLIPPER Office.

WANTED, A HARPIST, TO travel with a concert troupe. Address, stating lowest terms, GEO. D. STRONG, care National Hotel, Cincinnati, Ohio. 37-1t* ‖

THE ORGINAL EMPIRE
MINSTREL
NOW ORGANIZING AT HONESDALE, PA.
WANTED IMMEDIATELY,
A Lady vocalist, a Serio-Comic Vocalist, and a Comedian; must be able to take home end and do single turns. One that can do
SONG-AND-DANCE AND CLOG
preferred. Address immediately GOODMAN & BUSH, Honesdale, Pa. 37-1t*

BUTLER & CHRISDIE'S
PANTOMIME TROUPE are booked at Taylor's Opera-house, Trenton, N. J., for Christmas night. Please communicate at once, otherwise will consider engagement canceled. WANTED—a first-class Minstrel or Burlesque Troupe to show on New Year's night. None but regularly organized traveling troupes need apply. JOHN TAYLOR, Manager. 37-1t

BILLY MANSON,
ADVERTISING AND CONTRACTING AGENT,
desires an engagement with a first-class party. Has advertised both circus and hall shows. Is a practical printer and a hard worker. Temperate, reliable and responsible. LETTERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED
37-3t* HONESDALE, PA.

LEONARD'S
NEW AND BEAUTIFUL OPERA-HOUSE,
IN FOSTORIA, SENECA CO., O.,
will be opened on DEC. 8, 1873, by Blakeney's New York and Western Theatre, after which it will be
FOR RENT
TO ALL FIRST-CLASS TROUPES.
FOR TERMS AND DATES,
apply to B. LEONARD, Proprietor,
37-2t Fostoria, O.

ALFRED HUDDY WOULD
like a position as TENOR BALLADIST, with some first-class minstrel company. Can play E flat Cornet in Band. Will give references if desired. Address
137 Lamberton street,
37-1t* Trenton, N. J.

JONES' HALL, JAMESTOWN,
N. Y.—This Hall has been refitted and newly furnished throughout. Stage enlarged and seating capacity doubled. It is arranged with first-class scenery, borders and footlights. All communications addressed AGENT, Jones' Hall, Jamestown, N. Y., will receive prompt attention. 30-13t*

VARIETY TALENT WANTED.
SPECIALTY ARTISTS
IN ALL BRANCHES OF THE BUSINESS,
for long or short engagements. None but legitimate performers need apply. Salary low. Address
COL. WOOD,
36-3t* Theatre Comique, Lexington, Ky.

SONG-AND-DANCE INSTRUC-
TION BOOK, containing instructions for genteel and plantation songs-and-dances. 50c. and stamp. Clog book 50c. and stamp. WM. F. BACON,
36-3t* 14 Hanover street, Boston, Mass.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE,
LOUISVILLE, KY.
J. H. ETLY.....Proprietor
J. W. BERKLEY.....Stage-manager
OPEN THE YEAR ROUND.
First-class talent only, in every branch of the business wanted.
COMBINATIONS TREATED WITH.
Artists booked ahead. Please send on business for opening night ten days in advance. 36 2t*

WIGS AND COSTUMES.
All kinds of Theatrical and Minstrel Wigs, Costumes Shapes, Face Suits, made to order on the shortest notice and on most reasonable terms. Sent C.O.D. to any part of the country. Address LEAVITT & PIERSON, 24 Tremont row, Boston, Mass. 36-2t*
A. J. LEAVITT. C. PIERSON.

WANTED,
A SITUATION for the coming Tenting Season, as PROGRAMMER and LITHOGRAPH AGENT. Best of reference. Address GEORGE RICHARDS, City Billposter, Fort Wayne, Ind. 36-3t

REMOVED.—MAGICAL RE-
POSITORY AND MANUFACTORY. A large assortment of Magical Apparatus for the parlor and stage. Apparatus made to order. Send 3 ct. stamp for Catalogue to No. 4 North Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa.
36-13t* THOS. W. VOST.

HALL FOR RENT
to incredible and cheap terms by the night, week or season. GRANT'S THEATRICAL HALL, HARRISBURG, PA., has stage and scenery suitable for ordinary plays. Rent for one or three nights, $50 per night; six consecutive nights, $12 per night, or a reasonable rent for the season. Apply to WM. H. BOSTICK, Agent, Harrisburg, Pa. 35-12t*

ARLINGTON, COTTON AND
KEMBLE'S MINSTRELS.
WANTED
A TENOR BALLADIST,
for Arlington, Cotton and Kemble's Minstrels. Must be first-class, and a good reader. Address to Myer's Opera-house, Chicago, Ill. 35-5t

NEW SONGS.—All the latest, full size, 10 cents each. Send stamp for Catalogue. HARDING'S Office, 288 Bowery, N. Y. AGENTS WANTED. 29-1f

DOLAN'S NEW OPERA-HOUSE,
LOGANSPORT, IND., is open to all first-class theatrical parties. It has a seating capacity of 1,200. Good stage and scenery. Is arranged with first-class borders and footlights. Good scenery, dressing-rooms, foot-lights. Best location in town, and very popular with the public. Seats 531; 210 chairs suitable for reserved seats. No charge for selling tickets. RENT LOW. 25-13t*

TO GYMNASTS.
C. H. HAWKINS, No. 118 E. 13th st., N. Y., maker of gymnastic apparatus, horizontal bars, with steel rod in, &c. Diploma from American Institute, 1871. 30-13t*

SMITH'S OPERA-HOUSE,
PLYMOUTH, LUZERNE CO., PA. Has a Large Stage, Scenery, Drop-Curtain, Dressing-Rooms &c. Seats 1,200. Population 20,000. Good Show Town. For dates and terms address JOHN B. SMITH & SON, Prop'rs. 12-52*

SANKEY'S HALL,
MIFFLINBURG, UNION CO., PA.
On the line of Lewisburg and Tyrone R. R. (branch of Philadelphia and Erie R. R.). Will seat 500; population, 3,000; rent, $10 night; stage, 30x60. Wallace Sisters say it is a good show town. Via Harrisburg, Sunsbury, Lewisburg, Milton, Williamsport, Erie, etc. All large towns. [22-18t*

MEECH'S HALL, CATSKILL,
N. Y.—Town population, 7,000; seating capacity of Hall, 900. Refitted with new gallery and newly furnished with chairs. The hall brilliantly lighted with gas, and has good scenery, with border and footlights. Further particulars, address JACOB H. MEECH. N. B.—Good shows invariably do well in this place. 1-41t

NORFOLK VARIETIES,
NORFOLK, VA.
C. T. TOOKER.....Manager
OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND.
First-class talent, male and female, wanted at all times. Address as above. 27-12t*

OTTO'S HALL,
BEST IN THE CITY
MOLINE, ROCK ISLAND CO., ILL.
Stage, 34x50. Dressing-rooms, full set of scenery; hall on ground floor. Troupes coming to Rock Island or Davenport should give us a call. Population, 8,000. Rent low.
27-12t* WILLIAM G. MORRIS, Agent.

BRATTLEBORO HOUSE,
BRATTLEBORO, VT.
Located within one half minute of depot, and two minutes' walk of town hall. Showmen liberally treated.
21-26t* H. A. MOREY, Proprietor.

POST-OFFICE HALL,
MOLINE, ILLINOIS.
This hall is entirely new, handsome stage, scenery and dressing-rooms. Location central; ventilation perfect; surroundings pleasant; best hall in the city. Actual seats for 400. For rent, terms reasonable. Address
18 26t* PROPRIETOR, P. O. Hall, Moline, Ill.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PITTS-
FIELD, MASS. One of the most elegant theatres, containing all modern improvements. Seating capacity, eleven hundred. For terms, open dates, etc., address CEBRA QUACKENBUSH, American House, Pittsfield, Mass. P. S.—Pittsfield is situated on the Boston and Albany R.R., half way from Albany to Springfield, and is at the terminus of the Housatonic R.R., running to N. Y., and also the terminus of the Pittsfield and North Adams R. R. 29-26t*

JIG AND CLOG DANCING
WITHOUT A MASTER.—New edition. Containing 20 steps, fully explained. Anyone with or without a previous knowledge can learn. Mailed, 50cts. Send stamp. MRS. J. K. BUCKLEY, 288 W. Houston st., N. Y. 29-13t*

SALT LAKE THEATRE.
This house, having recently changed hands, has been remodeled, thoroughly refitted and redecorated. MESSRS. H. B. CLAWSON and JOHN T. CAINE, the former successful lessees and managers, with their late treasurer, MR. THOMAS WILLIAMS, have assumed the new management, and have secured the services of MR. JAMES H. VINSON, late of San Francisco, as stage-manager. The management have engaged many and efficient company for the approaching season, and will make this establishment superior in all respects. First-class stars and combinations will be negotiated with on liberal terms.
Address CLAWSON, CAINE & WILLIAMS,
28-13t* Salt Lake City, or COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN, Agent, New York

TO THE PROFESSION.
THE ELLERTON HOTEL, 1,608 Ridge Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., is in connection with all the street cars in the city, and artists seeking comfortable quarters will do well to patronize the above house. 32-13t*

STILLWATER, MINN.
5,000 POPULATION.
CONCERT HALL,
well stocked with scenery, well lighted and ventilated.
CAPACITY FOR 600 SEATS. RENT MODERATE.
PARTIES VISITING ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS,
should not fail to come to this city. Address
5-33t* E. SCHLENK, Agent.

FAIRMONT HALL,
MARLBORO, MASS.
is the finest show hall in that vicinity. Is in the immediate centre of the town. Seating capacity, 800. Is handsomely frescoed and lit with gas. Stage large and commodious. Population of town, 10,000. F. W. RILEY, Agent, Box 302, Marlboro, Mass. 19-26t*

TO AMATEURS.—PLAYS, WIGS, Beards, Colored Fires, Prepared Burnt Cork, &c., &c., for sale. Inclose stamp for price list to JAMES P. CROSSEN, 8 Lafayette place, New York. 29-13t*

MOLLER OPERA-HOUSE,
DOVER, MORRIS CO., N. J.
Lighted with gas, heated by steam, stage, traps, scenery and three dressing-rooms; 450 chairs. For terms, address
26-13t* MOLLER & BACKOF, Proprietors.

MAGIC LANTERNS AND
SLIDES WANTED. Magic Lanterns and Slides for sale low. THEO. J. HARBACH, Philadelphia, Pa. 29-13t*

MAGICAL MANUFACTORY.
Variety of very elegant illusions always on hand; also our latest edition of Wizard's Wonderful Cabinet—contains Wizard's Opening Speech; Apparatus and instructions for Ten Tricks; 45c. Also No. 2, containing five, 25c. Davenport Rope Trick, 7c. Mailed free. Inclose stamp for illustrated catalogues. W. J. JUDD, 131 Henry street, New York. 29-13t*

WANTED APRIL 1, 1874,
A FIRST-CLASS SERIO-COMIC VOCALIST.
ONE WHO CAN DANCE PREFERRED.
Must be good looking, well up in her business, and an elegant dresser. To travel with a strictly first-class show. Address, with lowest terms, LOCK BOX 10,
36-2t* Erie, Pa.

SONG-AND-DANCE MEN
WANTED—TWO GOOD SONG-AND-DANCE ARTISTS AND COMEDIANS, to travel, April 1, 1874.
MUST BE FIRST-CLASS PERFORMERS.
Only such need address, stating lowest terms, also if have outs. LOCK BOX 10, Erie, Pa. [36-2t*

ARTHUR W. FRENCH
WRITES SONGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
34-4t Address BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

BERRY'S HALL,
MARLBORO, MASS.
Enlarged, with new stage, and scenery.
OPEN FOR ALL ENGAGEMENTS.
23-26t* HENRY A. PUTNAM, Agent.

TO MANAGERS AND STARS.
For sale—"A SIMPLETON"—a thrilling, beautiful, pathetic five-act tragedy in blank verse. Modern. Apply to
R. DORSAY OGDEN,
35-1f Arcadian Club, N. Y. City.

VIRGINIA OPERA-HOUSE,
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.
THE OWNER of this, the most complete and popular house in the city, will rent it by the month, week or night, FOR FIRST-CLASS ENTERTAINMENTS ONLY.
Address Proprietor of Virginia Opera-house, Richmond, Va. 34-13t

CIRCUS PROPERTY FOR
SALE.—Chariot, trunk wagon, two ticket wagons, passenger ambulance (splendid affair), canvas and baggage wagons, twenty-nine lengths of seats, one set of entree dresses, saddle cloths, etc. Two and four horse sets of harness, CHEAP. Apply to JOHN H. MURRAY,
201 Centre st., care S. BOOTH, or to
34-4t* M. COYLE, Bull's Head Hotel, Third avenue and Twenty-fourth street, N. Y.

CONOVER'S OPERA-HOUSE,
PIQUA, OHIO.
This new and elegant house is ready for occupation by first-class leading combinations, and can be rented by such companies. It is built with all the modern improvements, and is well lighted and ventilated; has four proscenium boxes, parquet, dress circle and balcony, seating 1,100. Stage, 30x60ft., with three centre, 4 star and vampire traps, a working bridge 26ft. long, in 3 sections, working 8½ft. high, on a level or on an incline. Twelve sets of scenery, with a sufficient supply of set stuff and borders; flats, 18x24ft.; full border, foot and ground lights. Piqua contains a population of from 9,000 to 10,000, and is located in the midst of a highly improved and populous country. This hall is the only properly equipped one between Dayton and Toledo, or between Columbus and Indianapolis, and is situated at the first railroad centre north of Dayton, and on the east and west through line from Columbus to Indianapolis and Chicago. Address A. G. CONOVER. 35-11t*

WILSON'S MUSIC HALL,
OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN,
has every convenience, and seats seven hundred. [33-10t*

GEO. S. COLE,
SLOW AND EASY TICKET SELLER.
Winter address COMMERCIAL HOTEL, Chicago, Ill.
The nobby headquarters of showmen at SPECIAL RATES. 35-4t

OPERA-HOUSE, WAVERLY,
N. Y., rebuilding, and will be ready for engagements after Dec. 15. It will be a great improvement on old one burned last Winter. Will seat 750, and will be complete in all its appointments. Population, 6,000. License and billboards $25 house, $30. Address OPERA-HOUSE,
32-13t* Waverly, N. Y.

A CARD.
MISS CARLOTTA LECLERCQ respectfully requests that all business communications may be addressed to HER or her brother MR. ARTHUR LECLERCQ, who will for the future act as her sole agent. 19 West 24th st., New York City. 34-4t*

FIELD'S THEATRE,
DALLAS, TEXAS,
is now offered for rent by the night, week or season. Seating capacity, 800. Complete in all of its appointments. Dallas is the fastest interior city of Texas; has a population of 9,400, and is the Western terminus of the Great Texas and Pacific Railroad, and is also on the line of the Texas Central Railroad, which is the great through route from St. Louis to Galveston. Would lease to a responsible party for a long term. Address
"PROPRIETOR"
34-6t* Look Box 163.

R. D. CURTIS, SCENIC AR-
TIST.
Halls supplied with SCENERY, from one scene up to a full set. [33-3t* Address, R. D. CURTISS, El Paso, Ill.

WYSOR'S NEW OPERA-HOUSE,
MUNCIE, IND.,
Will be completed by the 20th December. It is well arranged, neatly finished, and has a gallery, stage, dressing-rooms, drop curtain, scenery, etc. Will seat 800. Population of city, near 6,000. For terms address the proprietor.
t w [33 5t*] J. M. WYSOR.

A CARD TO MANAGERS.

MISS CHARLOTTE M.

STANLEY,

WHOSE WONDERFUL IMPERSONATION OF
MADGE THE WAIF
IN STANLEY McKENNA'S EXTRAORDINARILY SUCCESSFUL SENSATIONAL DRAMA OF
CRIME
Has won the admiration of both Press and Public in every city where she has appeared, begs most respectfully to hereby notify managers that she has placed the entire management of her business in the hands of MR. L. C. FREY, who will hereafter act as her agent.
MISS STANLEY'S repertoire consists of the three great Dramas,
CRIME, OR THE CAR-HOOK TRAGEDY,
A FIGHT FOR LIFE,
AND
BATTLES, A STORY OF THE WAR,
all of which pieces are copyrighted and her exclusive property. Elaborate and beautiful Cuts, Lithographs, Streamers, etc., are now being prepared, and managers may be assured that MISS STANLEY'S advertising and printing will be, like her dramas, of the very best and most attractive style and quality, rendering her always
A SURE CARD.
Beautiful New Music has been specially arranged for these plays, and elegant costumes prepared for "Battles" and "A Fight for Life."

Opinions of the Press.
CRIME.
NEW YORK EVENING TELEGRAM, NOV. 2.
"Crime," by Stanley McKenna, which is now being performed at the Bowery Theatre, is one of the very best sensational pieces that have ever been produced at this popular place of amusement. It abounds in incident, and the grouping of the characters is managed with admirable skill for scenic and artistic effects. The theatre is thronged nightly, and it is evident from the popularity which the play has already attained that it will enjoy a long lease of life.
DAILY TELEGRAPH, TORONTO, C. W., NOV. 30, 1871.
Charlotte Stanley opened at the Royal Lyceum on Monday night to a crowded house, in a new sensational play called "Crime." The touching story of Madge the Waif is exquisitely told, and possesses a most powerful interest with an audience. Charlotte Stanley, in her delineation of the character, gave evidence of the possession of talents of the very highest order, and at once became a favorite with the Toronto public. "Crime" abounds in telling situations and comicalities, and, judging by the applause and roars of laughter it elicited, has made a most complete hit.
NEW YORK HERALD, NOV. 6, 1871.
The startling drama of "Crime," by Stanley McKenna, with Charlotte Stanley as Madge, the heroine thereof, is in its second week and drawing immense houses at the Bowery.

A FIGHT FOR LIFE
PHILADELPHIA CITY ITEM, AUG. 12, 1873.
The new sensational play, "A Fight for Life," has proved a decided success. The drama is of the most exciting kind, mixed with plenty of comedy. That clever and charming actress Charlotte M. Stanley plays the heroine. Mary, with much effect. The last scene, where the fight for life occurs, is nightly received with enthusiastic applause. This play will be withdrawn after tonight, in order to reproduce "Crime," which was received with so much favor when originally played here; but "The Fight for Life" has been large and delighted audiences, and could easily have run another week.
MANAGERS HAVING OPEN DATES
WILL PLEASE ADDRESS
L. C. FREY,
37-1t* Care COL. T. A. BROWN, N. Y.

THIRD ANNUAL TOUR
of the
JOSH HART
THEATRE COMIQUE
COMBINATION,
FROM THEIR BEAUTIFUL THEATRE,
514 Broadway, New York.

JOSH HART'S
THEATRE COMIQUE COMBINATION
Will commence their SUMMER TOUR on or about MAY 11. The Combination will consist of the following Star Artists:
HARRIGAN AND HART,
MR. ED. HARRIGAN, MR. TONY HART,
MR. FRANK KERNS, MR. JOHN WILD,
MASTER MARTIN,
MR. JAMES BRADLEY, MR. G. L. STOUT,
THE BEAUTIFUL AND ACCOMPLISHED
FOY SISTERS, BERTHA AND IDA,
MISS JENNIE HUGHES, MRS. JOHN WILD,
FORMERLY MISS ADA WRAY;
MISS KITTY O'NEIL, MISS KITTY TILSTON,
AND TWENTY OTHERS.
A GRAND ORCHESTRA, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF PROF. DAVE BRAHAM.
FIFTY DIFFERENT ACTS WILL BE GIVEN AT EVERY PERFORMANCE.
MR. E. KENDALL,
BUSINESS MANAGER AND AGENT.
J. R. TOPHAM,
MANAGER AND TREASURER.
MR. JOSH HART, SOLE PROPRIETOR. [36-1t

GEO. W. ZEBOLD,
TICKET SELLER
AND
TREASURER,
CAN BE ENGAGED
FOR
SEASON OF 1874.
ADDRESS
Care 164 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.
At present with the Great Eastern Circus Co. 37-1t*

PRINCE SADI D'JALMA
NOW PERFORMING AT
HOWARD ATHENÆUM,
BOSTON. 37-1t*

NOTICE
TO
CIRCUS MANAGERS FOR 1874.
CHAS. F. REED,
PRINCIPAL EQUESTRIAN AND SOMERSAULT RIDER,
Together with his
INFANT DAUGHTER, MAY,
wishes an engagement for the coming season. Address Care of THE CLIPPER OFFICE. 36-3t*

DOMINION THEATRE,
Montreal, Canada.
GEORGE J. DEAGLE,
LESSEE AND MANAGER.
First-class variety performances, sensation stars and combinations treated with on liberal terms. Address
35-6t G. J. DEAGLE.

The Mulligan Guards.
Sung by Harrigan & Hart. Six encores every night. The most popular song and march ever published in America. Price, with picture of "The Mulligans," 40 cts., postage paid. WM. A. POND & CO.,
36-3t 547 Broadway, N. Y.

WANTED,
A MAGICIAN
CAPABLE OF
ENTERTAINING METROPOLITAN AUDIENCES.
Must give the entire entertainment. Address, stating lowest salary, A. S. BURT,
36-2t* 48 Forest avenue, Indianapolis, Ind.

MINERVA HALL,
On line of Phila. and Erie Railroad, 20 miles south of the city of Williamsport, Pa. Size of Hall, 45x85ft. Seats 600 comfortably. Population, 2,500, with a thickly settled country surrounding. Rent and license, $15 nightly. Good stage, drop-curtains, footlights and scenery.
Parties wishing to engage the HALL will call on or address
N. MESSINGER,
29-17t* Watsontown, Northumberland Co., Pa.

THE WONDERS! THE WON-
DERS!!—PROF. DAVIS AND HIS WONDERFUL TROUPE OF DOGS CLOSE AT FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE, NOV. 29. OPEN AT THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, Dec. 8, and OLYMPIC THEATRE, St. Louis, Dec. 21. 36-2t*

DEAGLE'S LOUISVILLE VA-
RIETY THEATRE.
OPEN THE YEAR ROUND.
Artists of acknowledged ability can always secure dates. Combinations can always get good terms. Seating capacity, 2,200, with largest and best stocked stage west of New York. Address L. DEAGLE, Manager,
35-1f or A. W. HALL, Business Manager.

FOR RENT, THE GRAND
SALOON, MASONIC TEMPLE, North Charles st., Baltimore, Md., for Concerts, Lectures, etc. Location best in the city. Seating capacity, 1,600. Address ALEXANDER RUTHERFORD, Janitor Masonic Temple, Baltimore, Md. 33-26t*

THEATRE COMIQUE,
WILLIAMSPORT, PA. (late Ullman's Opera-house).
PHIL. DIEFENBACH & CO.....Proprietors.
Opened Nov. 17. Now in the full tide of success. First-class talent in every branch write for a date. TALENT WANTED TO OPEN DEC. 1. Salaries must be reasonable to suit the times.
ADDRESS AS ABOVE. 35-4t*

STREATOR, ILLINOIS.
ORIENTAL HALL (new). Has a seating capacity of 700. Handsomely lighted—a fine set of scenery by R. B. Curtiss. Population of town, 4,000. Can be reached by C. B. & Q. R. R. and C. A. & St. L. R. R.
For particulars address
WHEELER & SCHARPENBERG,
Streator, Ill.
As fine a set of scenery and as convenient a hall as I have found in Illinois, and a first-class show town. We open the hall Oct. 1, 1873. CHARLEY HARRISON,
35-3t* Humorist. Smith Bellringers.

THE COMMERCIAL ($2.50 PER DAY HOUSE),
CORNER LAKE AND DEARBORN STREETS,
CHICAGO, ILL.
Accommodations for 500 guests.
FULLING & INGRAHAM, Proprietors.
Special rates to show people. 35-1t

WYOMING HOUSE,
SCRANTON, PA.
Located near Opera house. Strictly first-class. Terms, $2.25 per day. Rates to traveling companies.
35-13t* GARDNER & KOON, Proprietors.

EQUESTRIAN AND THEATRICAL
TIGHTS, SHIRTS, TRUNKS, CAPS, PADS, LONG AND KNEE HOSE,
HARLEQUIN, CLOWN, AND MONKEY SUITS.
Every Size and Color Always Ready
to send C. O. D., to any part of the States.
Send Stamp for Price List to the
DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS.
UNION ADAMS & CO.,
NO. 637 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY. 35-4t

BLOOM'S
GRAND CENTRAL FANCY GOODS BAZAR
AND
THEATRICAL SUPPLY.
We have marked down all the newest shades in superior quality Satins to $1 per yard. Silks, Moires, Velvets, Plushes, &c., at PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION. Our assortment of Laces, Flouncings, Overskirts, Fischus, Sacques, Shawls, Dolmans and Rotundes has always been considered by connoisseurs the best selected stock in the City, and is more complete than ever. We are now prepared to offer some unusual bargains in this especial department.
We are constantly receiving novelties in Parisian Fans, Artificial Flowers, Plumes, Gilt Oxydized, Silver, Pearl and Fancy Jewelry, Chatelaines, Fan-holders, Vinaigrettes, &c.
We guarantee to sell EVERY article AT ALL TIMES at the LOWEST POSSIBLE market value.
A liberal discount allowed to the profession. Samples sent free of charge. Goods forwarded to all parts of the country and thorough satisfaction guaranteed.
20-26t* I. BLOOM & BRO., 338 Bowery, N. Y.

OPERA-HOUSE,
COLUMBUS, OHIO.
COMSTOCK & SMITH.....Proprietors
THE FAVORITE AND MOST FASHIONABLE PLACE IN THE CITY. THE ONLY THEATRE FOR RENT TO TRAVELING COMPANIES. HAS A FULL STOCK OF SCENERY. A ROOMY STAGE AND COMMODIOUS DRESSING-ROOMS, AN ELEGANT GREEN-ROOM, and is HEATED BY STEAM ONLY.
Has been NEWLY PRESCOED, CARPETED AND MATTED THROUGHOUT. The PARQUET has a HANDSOME BRUSSELS CARPET, balance of house COCOA MATTING.
IS STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS IN ALL ITS APPOINTMENTS. Will be seated with patent opera-chairs on and after October 15, 1873. For terms, etc., address
37-13t* THEO. COMSTOCK, Manager,
or E. S. AMMEL, Treasurer.

ABLE'S OPERA-HOUSE,
EASTON, PA.,
WILL BE
RENTED FOR $100 A NIGHT, AND ATTACHES,
TO FIRST-CLASS TROUPES. SEATS 1,500.
26-13t* Address EDWARD ABLE, Proprietor, Box 17, Easton, Pa., or COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

TUCKER BROS.,
SHOW PAINTERS,
600 BROADWAY, N. Y. 37-1t*
EASTERN CIRCUIT.

JOHNSON & SMITH,
SHOW PAINTERS,
115 Eliot street, Boston, Mass.
SCENERY, PANORAMAS AND EVERY DESCRIPTION OF SHOW PAINTING EXECUTED IN THE MOST ARTISTIC STYLE. 37-13t

ESTABLISHED IN 1823.
THE OLDEST
THEATRICAL AND EQUESTRIAN HOSIERY HOUSE
IN THE COUNTRY, AND
THE CHEAPEST!!
SEND YOUR ORDERS FOR
SHIRTS, TIGHTS, LONG HOSE, PADS, MONKEY SUITS, ETC., TO
VAN DERLIP & TAYLOR,
No. 96 BOWERY.
SYMMETRICAL, PATTERNED AND SPANGLED SUITS TO ORDER.
SEND STAMP FOR PRICE LIST. 37-1t*

CALLIE C. CURTIS,
TICKET SELLER
AND
TREASURER,
CAN BE ENGAGED
FOR
SEASON OF 1874.
ADDRESS
Care 164 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.
At present with the Great Eastern Circus Co. 37-1t*

Prices That Beat Them All.
PROGRAMMES, by the season, $3.50 per 1,000; full mammoth streamer letters, three cents each; one, two, and three-sheet mammoth posters, in lots of 200 or upwards, $3 per 100 sheets; Negro, Variety, and Magic Cuts, white paper, black ink, in lots of 100 of a kind, $3 per 100; yellow paper, 50 cents extra; in two colors, assorted, constantly in stock, $6 per 100; ovals, in two colors, $6 per 100. All other printing equally low. No charge for engraving new cuts to order where large quantities of printing are desired. From 10 to 20 per cent saved on the outfit of any show. Send stamp for catalogue. No printing sent C. O. D. T. R. DAWLEY, President Great American Engraving and Printing Co., 31 Beekman street, N. Y. 37-1t

AMERICUS,
The Greatest Musical Feature in the World,
OPENS AT THE
BOSTON THEATRE,
DEC. 15, FOR FOUR WEEKS,
Managers of first-class theatres can address
J. G. SPEAIGHT,
37-1t* Agent, as above.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
CHICAGO, ILL.
HANDSOMEST THEATRE IN AMERICA
The present the
MOST BRILLIANT THEATRICAL SEASON
ever known in the history of any Chicago theatre.
THE YOKES FAMILY, LYDIA THOMPSON
and others playing to
AVERAGE OF $7,000 PER WEEK.
During the Summer months
WILL RENT OR SHARE
with
FIRST-CLASS ATTRACTIONS ONLY.
Apply at once to C. R. GARDINER, Manager. 37-13t

E. D. DAVIES,
THE PREMIER VENTRILOQUIST OF THE WORLD,
NOW PERFORMING AT FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE, PHIL